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SIXPENCE.
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MDLLE. DE LUSSAN AND THE QUEEN.

Fresh from her triumphs at Balmoral, Mdle. de Lussan looked a radiant picture of health and high spirits when I sought her out on behalf of *The Sketch* (writes a representative). All trace of her recent indisposition, whereby the demon Influenza gained an unpleasant ascendancy, had vanished, and Mdle. de Lussan appeared, if anything, stronger and better for her bout with that subtle enemy.

"The honour of appearing three times in one year before her Majesty is not given to every artiste," I began, as the young *prima donna* proffered me a cup of tea of her own brew. "What spell of fascination have you cast over our good Queen?"

"Ah! there you flatter me too highly," answered Mdle. de Lussan, with a deprecating smile. "I am only an humble exponent of some of the rôles which her Majesty delights to hear, no doubt as much through cherished associations as from her love of music. When the *répertoire* of our company was submitted to the Queen she selected 'Fra Diavolo.' We can quite understand how dear that charming opera must be to her, since its very beautiful melodies are interwoven with some of the happiest memories of her youthful reign."

"When did you first appear before her Majesty?"

"My first appearance was in 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' at Balmoral, and the Queen made no secret of her pleasure in my interpretation of that bright and entertaining rôle. That I was overwhelmed with the greatness of the occasion goes without saying, and it was only my pluck as an American girl that carried me safely through the first terrible moments of nervousness that seized me as I stepped upon the stage. I gathered courage as I sang, and soon forgot everything, the distinguished audience and all—I only thought of the Queen, for it was for her I sang, and I wanted my song to go straight to her heart, and I think

it did, for there was no applause so generous as hers, and no smile more kind and encouraging."

"You love the Queen, then?"

"Yes; I would cross mountains and seas to come at her bidding!" exclaimed Mdle. de Lussan, with an enthusiasm as charming as it was genuine. "I shall never forget that night, and cherish more than any

of her Majesty's gifts to me the telegram she sent the following day, expressing the hope that I had arrived safely and was quite well. The delicate thoughtfulness of that little attention touched me deeply.

"While at Balmoral," continued Mdle. de Lussan, "the Princess Beatrice was exceedingly kind to me, and placed her own bed-room at my disposal as dressing-room, for the Castle is small, you know, and the space too limited to accommodate comfortably the members of so large a company as the Carl Rosa."

"The Carl Rosa Company, I see, did not appear at Windsor when you sang *Carmen*."

"No," rejoined Mdle. de Lussan; "but it was owing to the company being too far north to reach Windsor in time. I received the 'command' to sing *Carmen* just two weeks from the date of the performance of 'The Daughter of the Regiment.' I was greatly amused when I rejoined the company to be saluted as 'The Queen's Own' by the members, a *sobriquet* which has clung to me ever since."

"That event is a matter of musical history now. From all accounts, it was a sumptuous performance?"

"Yes," interposed Mdle. de Lussan, "and added another leaf to the laurel-wreath of Sir Augustus Harris. The Queen seemed particularly pleased with the scenic arrangements on that occasion; but, while

'*Carmen*' evidently gratified her Majesty's artistic sense, I think 'Fra Diavolo' pleased her, on the whole, the greatest of all."

"No doubt, its simple, graceful melodies touched her heart, for Auber's music, it is said, has for her Majesty a special charm; but tell me, were you not a little afraid of that rather risky scene in the chamber?"



Photo by Robinson, Grafton Street, Dublin.

MDLLE. DE LUSSAN AS NEDDA IN "PAGLIACCI."

"Oh! you mean the disrobing scene," said the young singer, with just the suspicion of a blush. "I must confess it is rather trying, but it passed off splendidly, and seemed to amuse her Majesty greatly. I don't believe that in the whole gamut of opera there is to be found a situation so difficult for the singer. The slightest hitch might be disastrous, and the line between naturalism and vulgarity is so closely drawn that it requires all the art of the actress to be at once natural and refined, without overstepping the mark, and perhaps for that reason the character of Zerlina is so seldom portrayed nowadays."

"I quite agree with you that it is not altogether consistent with English ideas, although perfectly harmless for the French; but they have no Mrs. Grundy to hold up her awful finger."

"No," said Mdlle. de Lussan, with a laugh; "I was amused with a provincial critic's account of our production of the opera just before the 'command' performance. The waggish critic wrote that the ladies in the dress circle sat up stiffly and wondered whether it was quite proper for them to be there, until they suddenly remembered that the Queen was to see it all on the following Monday night, which comforted them greatly."

"Let us hope that the Queen will see you also in that wonderful opera of *Leoncavallo*. Your *Nedda*, while entirely different, is as superb as that of *Melba*—perhaps more so, since you combine as great a degree of excellence as an actress as you do as a singer in that fascinating rôle."

"I sincerely trust I deserve your praise," said the young singer, modestly; "but another who is equally deserving of praise, if not more so, is Mr. Barton McGuckin in the rôle of *Canio*; his acting was a surprise even to his greatest admirers. I doubt if *De Lucia* himself, who created the rôle last season, could surpass him."

"I fear all your success since you have come among us, the favour of the Queen, and the manner in which you have captured the great heart of the British public will estrange you from your own people, the Americans, and you will not care to go back to them."

"Not at all!" exclaimed Mdlle. de Lussan earnestly. "Although I have been so extremely fortunate as to win the approval of her Majesty and have made true and warm friends—none kinder than Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. T. H. Friend, director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company—since my arrival in England, four years ago, my heart is

still true to my own people and my own country, and, next to the Queen and my own dear parents, I love my country as all true Americans do."

The loyal sentiments of Mdlle. de Lussan appeared all the deeper as I admired the Queen's latest gift, a lovely diamond bracelet, and looked upon the many rich gifts of royal favour adorning her pretty boudoir. The kindly face of her Majesty smiled from a costly frame of



Photo by Falk, New York.

AS CARMEN.

silver, and the bold superscription was in itself a mark of favour that might have turned the head of many a young singer. But Mdlle. de Lussan was the same bewitching girl, the same "*Zélie*," as natural and unaffected as when she was the pet of New York society, and there are many old friends who, when they hear of "*little Zélie's*" triumphs in England, feel a thrill of pleasure that she has fulfilled their hopes and proved herself an honour to her people.

A. C. DE B.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Popular
Concerts.

The programme for the 11th included Beethoven's Quartet in F minor, in which Mr. Whitehouse, for the last time this season, was the 'cellist. His excellent artistic powers deserve especial recognition, noticeably in connection with Schubert's Trio in B flat, in which he was associated with Lady Hallé and Herr Schönberger. Miss Thudicum sang songs by Massenet, Lassen, and Schäfer with much success. Lady Hallé's solo was A. C. Mackenzie's beautiful "*Benedictus*," Berceuse, and Saltarello, to which Mr. Henry Bird played, with his customary taste, the piano accompaniment. Herr Schönberger gave Schumann's Sonata in G minor with excellent emphasis, showing not a little improvement.—The announcement that the veteran Signor Piatti would resume the position of 'cellist at these concerts, which he has held from their commencement, attracted a large audience on the 13th. He had a very warm welcome, and gave us his very best in return, being encored for three movements of his own Sonata in C major, in which Miss Fanny Davies was at the piano. Despite his seventy-one years, and the fact that he is commencing his fiftieth year of musical life in England, there is no diminution of power, but only the mellowness of age and experience in his playing. His encore was a transcription of Schubert's song, "*Am Meere*." The concert commenced with Schubert's posthumous Quartet in B minor, the second movement of which was played exquisitely; Miss Fanny Davies introduced at these concerts a selection of eight preludes by Chopin, and was enthusiastically recalled four times. After a long absence, Miss Amy Shervin was the vocalist, and her contributions—especially Handel's recitative and air, "*Ombra mai fù*," which is familiar to violinists as his "*Largo*"—were received with much favour. The programme ended with Schumann's pianoforte Trio in D minor.

LUTE.



Photo by Robinson, Grafton Street, Dublin.

MISS DE LUSSAN AS THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

A proposal of the Government for the holding of another joint conference to consider the coal dispute, under Lord Rosebery's presidency, has been accepted. A conference, attended by various sections of the Christian Church, was held in the Jerusalem Chamber, under the presidency of the Dean of Westminster, but ended in smoke.—Professor Edward Caird, of Glasgow, has succeeded to the Mastership of Balliol, where he was Snell Scholar over thirty years ago.—Lord Randolph Churchill spoke at Glasgow.—A torpedo from H.M.S. Rodney sank in Gibraltar Harbour.—The deaths are announced of Ali Pasha Moubarek, an Egyptian of the old school; M. Paul Jouselin, chief engineer of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway; Baron Königswarter, the well-known Vienna banker; Herr Theodor Wachtel, the German tenor; M. Ernest Cahen, a musician whose operettas were popular during the Second Empire; and of Captain Charles Hervey, heir to the Marquis of Bristol.—The Earl of Rothes, along with two fellow-students, was fined £1 and costs for cat-coursing.—Professor Garner, of monkey-language fame, arrived at Liverpool from South-West Africa, where he stayed 101 days in his steel cage.—The French Chambers assembled, and M. Casimir-Périer was elected President.—An attempt was made in a Paris restaurant last night to murder the Servian Minister, M. Georgevitch.—The municipal elections in Berlin have resulted in a victory for the Social Democrats.—A nitro-glycerine bomb was exploded to-night outside the Gendarmerie Barracks at Villanueva y Geltru, a small town in the province of Barcelona. It did not do much damage.—Mr. Cowen's opera "Signa" was withdrawn at Milan because the manager is angry at the English criticisms on Leoncavallo's "I Medici."—An extraordinary drama, called "Hannele," by Gerhardt Hauptmann, was produced at Berlin. Death, in the shape of an angel with black wings, appears on the stage!

Wednesday.

The Lord Chancellor was waited on by nearly three hundred Liberal M.P.'s, who pressed on him the necessity of appointing county magistrates without the interference of lord-lieutenants. He admitted the need of reform, but deprecated the impatience with which it was pressed.—One thirty-sixth of an Adventurer's Share in the New River Company—originally issued at £100—was sold for £94,900.—This was the third anniversary of the great Baring crisis.—A disastrous fire broke out in the Old Bailey to-night and destroyed a number of warehouses. Twenty-eight steamers were on the spot, and heavy falls of walls occurred.—Sir John Gorst defeated Mr. Asquith for the Rectorship of Glasgow University.—The Rev. Canon Wynne, of Dublin, was appointed Bishop of Killaloe.—Lord Bathurst married Miss Lilius Borthwick and Mr. George Campbell, of the Scots Guards, married Lady Ileene Hastings.—Lord and Lady Playfair, Mr. and Mrs. and Austen Chamberlain arrived at Liverpool from New York, after a very rough passage.—The Queen received a young lion from the Emir of Nupe, whose territory lies within the sphere of the Royal Niger Company.—C. B. Harness, McCully, and Hollier were again remanded for a week at the Marlborough Street Police Court.—The *Answers* Company was fined ten shillings for keeping a lottery in the shape of a "Ten Minutes' Puzzle."—The Kaiser witnessed a performance of "Charley's Aunt" at the theatre in the new palace at Potsdam.—King Alexander opened the Servian Skupshchina.—Count Kalnoky was received by King Humbert at Monza.—An attempt was made at Marseilles to blow up a barracks.

Thursday.

The Earl of Elgin, the new Viceroy of India, was banqueted at the Imperial Institute.—Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, late Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has succeeded Sir William Smith as editor of the *Quarterly Review*.—Mr. C. B. Fry, of Wadham College, Oxford, has been elected captain of the University Cricket Club.—Six men were buried in a fall of earth at a disused pit in Burnley, two being killed; and fifty-two men were entombed in a Coatbridge mine, which took fire.—About sixty men of the Munster Fusiliers were arrested at Inchicore for riotous conduct in a railway carriage while on their way to Dublin.—This was the eight-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Margaret of Scotland. She was a direct ancestress of our Queen.—Sir Robert Morier, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is dead. He had served diplomatically in Naples, Vienna, Munich, Lisbon, and Madrid. He was born in 1826.—Mr. David Bremner, chief sub-editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, who is mentioned in a sketch of that newspaper in our pages this week, also died to-day.—The following deaths are announced: Dr. Parry, Bishop of Perth, Western Australia; Baroness Tautphœus, the authoress of novels which Thackeray thought the best in the German language; Major-General von Manegar, Military Attaché to the Austrian Embassy at Constantinople, and the Duke of Galliera, who refused to adopt his title.—The stage was very much in evidence in the Law Courts to-day.—The session of the Reichstag was opened by the Emperor in person.

Friday.

The great item in to-day's news was the settlement of the coal dispute, which has lasted sixteen weeks. The joint conference of miners and owners, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, decided that work is to be resumed at the old rate of wages, which are to continue until Feb. 1. A Board of Conciliation is also to be constituted herewith.—Lord Elgin was waited on by a deputation from the East India Association, which put its views before him.—Lord Roberts addressed the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh on the subject

of India.—A very heavy gale was experienced to-day on the eastern, northern, and western coasts, causing many shipwrecks.—The Queen left Balmoral for Windsor.—The Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone were entertained by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn.—The Bluecoat boys are not to go back to their ancient school in Newgate Street.—The Marquis of Bute has given £1000 for the endowment of a Dundee scholarship at St. Andrew's University, of which he is Lord Rector.—The miners entombed in the Coatbridge pit were rescued.—Admiral de Mello has proclaimed the son of the Comte d'Eu as Emperor of Brazil.—Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the late ruler of Bulgaria, died at Gratz, in Styria.

Saturday.

The change in the weather created the most sensational news to-day, for news of wrecks came from every part of the kingdom. The *Lucania* arrived at Queenstown after a fearful voyage across the Atlantic, thus proving herself not merely a swift boat but also a good storm steamer. In London the weather was more wintry than it has been this season. A large warehouse in Houndsditch was blown down, and several minor accidents are reported.—The Queen arrived at Windsor this morning.—Lord Ebury, the father of the House of Lords, is dead. He was ninety-two years old.—Lord Roberts was made LL.D. of Edinburgh University.—The Marquis of Huntly, for the second time, was returned Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, defeating Mr. W. A. Hunter, M.P.—Lady Margaret Howard, on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was given the custody of the children of the Phelans, who are in prison for their brutality.—Mr. Goschen, presiding at the annual meeting of the University Extension Society, noted that during the year the number of students had increased from 3662 to 13,370.—Prices of coal on the leading markets remained generally unchanged, the merchants waiting to see what prices will be charged by the colliery owners.

Sunday.

The storm continued to rage violently throughout to-day. Harrowing stories of wrecks come from all parts of the kingdom. On the Highland Railway, near Killiecrankie, a block was not removed until to-day. It was caused yesterday by two engines being thrown over an embankment, a large tree having been blown across the line. A Glasgow steamer, the *Hampshire*, foundered off Penzance, and twenty-one lives were lost. In many districts telegraphic communication had to be totally suspended.—Labour's death-roll was the subject on which Mr. John Burns spoke at Battersea this evening. He said that during the last fifty years more men had been sent to their graves, more to the hospitals, and more to beds of suffering and pain than war had inflicted on any country during the period.—It was announced from Cape Town that Major Goold-Adams had forwarded a despatch to Sir Henry Loch, stating that he had effected a junction at Buluwayo with the forces of the Chartered Company, who are near the King's kraal. The King shows no disposition to surrender. A reconnoitring party has been sent out, and if the Matabele still maintain their ground it will be necessary to disperse them.—The Viceroy of India, who arrived at Rangoon from Calcutta yesterday, has met with a most enthusiastic reception.—The Cannes Golf Club began work to-day, when the Napoule links were inaugurated for the season.

Monday.

The newspapers to-day are flooded with details of the disastrous storm, which has been experienced in every part of the United Kingdom.—The indictment in the Ardlamont shooting case, which was served on Monson late on Saturday, was published this morning. It is directed against "Alfred John Monson, prisoner in the prison of Edinburgh, and Edward Sweeney, alias Davis, alias Scott, sometime residing at Ardlamont House, parish of Kilfinan, Argyshire." There are two charges made against Monson and Sweeney: first with endeavouring to drown young Hambrough in Ardlamont Bay on the evening of Aug. 9, and secondly with murdering him on the following morning. The productions number 300, and the witnesses 110. The trial comes off in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on the 12th prox.—The New English Art Club opened its winter exhibition to-day.—The Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the St. Bride's Foundation Institute, which will be erected at a cost of £20,000. The institute is a sort of technical school for young printers.—Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was buried this afternoon provisionally in the Protestant cemetery at Gratz, whence the body will be transferred at a later date either to Schloss Heiligenberg, in Hesse-Darmstadt, or to Bulgaria. The funeral was attended by a large number of Bulgarians.—One of the Frenchmen arrested in connection with the bomb outrage at Marseilles turns out to be the foster brother of the notorious Ravachol.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, the 63rd Performance of Henry Arthur Jones' New Play, *THE TEMPTER*. MR. TREE AS THE TEMPTER. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open daily, 10 till 5.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Every Night at 8. (Doors 7.30.) Augustin Daly's Company in *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*.

Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter, and Mr. Clarke, Mr. Bouchier, Mr. Gresham, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Owen, Miss Vanbrugh, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mrs. Haswell. MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries. "Lady Teazle must be set down as another triumph to be added to many which Miss Rehan has already won."—Times.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.—J. K. LAING'S SEASON.—EVERY EVENING, at 9 o'clock, a Farce in three acts, by the late Fred Leslie and Arthur Shirley, entitled

MRS. OTHELLO.

Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Cicely Richards, Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. W. H. Day, Mr. G. Raiemond, Miss Blanche Horlock, Miss Florence Melville. Priced at 8.15 by THE BROTHERS. Doors open 7.45. Seats at all Libraries. Box-office open daily.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The novelties of the week—if one excepts “Morocco Bound”—have not been of dazzling brilliance. “Mrs. Othello” is a work that must have been vastly amusing in the original, for it had a long run in Paris. Unfortunately, it has suffered in its passage across the Channel; it has lost, as most foreigners do, much highly coloured matter in traversing La Manche, and arrived rather limp. Consequently, though there is incessant popping in and out of doors, one does not find that the play grows exciting at any moment. On the other hand, it is never quite dull. A high note of what should be “screaming fun” is struck very early, and the pitch is fairly maintained till the end, but the tone soon grows thin, and some passages fall flat.

The bottom of the matter is the error of over-great complexity. When one goes to laugh at a farce it is with the idea of being amused at the smallest possible trouble in thinking, and if one has any bother as to the relation of the parties it is long odds that one remains in lazy ignorance to the end. In “Mrs. Othello” there are several pairs of characters woven together to make the plot, and they seem to get entangled at times. It appeared likely to be funny, since Miss Fanny Brough, as the jealous wife, has a long part, and her gifts for farce are superb; yet, alas, the character was too farcical, too unlife-like, to give her a real chance of carrying through the piece; however, she played admirably. Miss Maud Abbott acted very prettily, and praise is due also to Mr. G. Raiemond and Mr. Julian Cross. Nevertheless, if you go by the laughter of an audience rather than a critic's opinion, you will pay a visit to “Mrs. Othello.”

What is the use of discussing in a half-column the reappearance of “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray”? It is a work that has already caused discussion enough to fill many columns, and the matter is by no means exhausted. Seeing the play is like reading a full book: one finds new beauties each time, though the word “beauties” must in this case be held to cover ugly things finely devised. It really is an astonishing play. One is disposed to ask uncharitably how Mr. Pinero has got to know the *hetaira* so thoroughly as to give us two pictures of her, widely different yet full of truth. Mr. H. A. Jones, in “The Dancing Girl,” tried to paint a *bona roba*, and proved the purity of his own manners by giving us a curious caricature, by presenting a young person of whom many unkind things were said by the other characters in the play that seemed quite undeserved.

As for Paula—a sort of Mrs. Erlynne who has gone quite overboard—one feels in her a sort of confirmation of the doctrine of original sin. She is as radically wrong as Hedda Gabler, as intrinsically immoral as a Madame de Marneffe, and yet full of an honesty that they could not have understood. Was ever anything so twisted as the woman capable of passing from lover to lover, of making her heart an hotel—like that of Mr. Alexander Airey—and yet staunch enough to offer a list of the guests to the man who sought to marry her for fear he should be deceiving himself and thinking her better than she was? What a strange achievement it is! Look at the four great pictures of the enemy of society—Dumas' Suzanne in “Le Demi-Monde” and Marguerite Gautier in “La Dame aux Camélias,” at Olympe, Augier's heroine, and then at Paula. Suzanne and Olympe excite nothing but repulsion, though the former is a fascinating, well-educated woman. Marguerite is so disingenuously drawn that she wins pity untinged by disgust. Paula—most subtle picture of all—causes a feeling of horror, immediately succeeded by sorrow, almost sympathy. One is shocked by what she is and seems hardly ashamed to be; yet the horror drops to deep regret at the idea of what she might have been, of what she nearly was.

However, it was not my intention to say more about this wonderful tragedy than that it has lost nothing in the provinces. Mrs. Campbell's acting seems, indeed, to have even gained in force and precision, which hardly appeared possible, without any corresponding loss. Can one call it any less than a piece of playing of the highest order? Mr. George Alexander still remains well within the picture, and few, save experts, know how greatly his reticent skill aids the play. Miss Granville gives an excellent performance in Miss Roselle's former part, and Mr. H. V. Esmond almost replaces Mr. Cyril Maude.

Matinées have been scarce this season, scarce and also bad, unfortunately. “A Vain Sacrifice,” at the Strand, is really a typical case of an afternoon trial play. Its faults are so obvious that no manager would put it on without considerable changes, and it is doubtful whether any amount of tinkering could have made a good play out of it. Disproportion between cause and effect is its bane. No one can believe that a girl of to-day would give up her lover because her father advised her to do so on the ground that marriage might mar the young man's artistic career. Who is there that considers a good wife an impediment to an artist? I know cases where the influence of a true woman has steadied a painter at the turning-point in his career, has reduced his need for money by putting an end to a Bohemian extravagance, and, keeping him to a healthy, clean-living existence, has enabled him to put all that was best of him into his work. However, apart from the sand-like character of its foundation, “A Vain Sacrifice” had no great quality. Miss Hall Caine's acting attracted attention, and, though she is now disposed to over-act, there is certainly great promise in her. She is, perhaps it is needless for me to state, the sister of the novelist, and has long cherished a dramatic instinct which has lately developed.

“The School for Scandal” is a play which some people can see many times with pleasure, and I wish I were one of them. To me its wit that never breeds an idea grows wearisome by repetition, and I never could quite believe in the people. However, since I would go to see Miss Ada Rehan even in the “Lady of Lyons,” I hastened to Daly's Theatre. She is delightful in the part, though I do not think she is a possible Lady Teazle. In the great quarrelling duet, when she prances about rudely humming a tune, when she is pouting, shouting, stamping her feet, and when she is fondling and wheedling, she is, as Americans say, “just lovely.” What does it matter that in the screen act she seems an altogether different woman? She is quite as charming, though in another way, and I do not care whether the two scenes harmonise or not. She is Ada Rehan, with her beauty for once in a fit setting, and looks superb; she is Ada Rehan, the finest *virtuoso* of the profession, playing a wonderful *scherzo* on herself in one act, and, anon, a lovely *largo* in another key. To the rest of the company no great praise is due, unless it be to Mr. William Farren, whose Sir Peter is a wonderful piece of old-fashioned acting. As for the Joseph, could he expect to win women with such a wig?

I was told, on very bad authority, that as soon as the little Melilla difficulties with Spain are settled the Sultan of Morocco will make strong representations to the English Government about the way in which he is treated in the Shaftesbury burlesque, so I opened the latter part of the second volume of “Morocco Bound” in the expectation that “his imbecility” would be represented with greater respect than before. All that I found by the way of change was that he has a new music-hall entertainment offered to him which contains some charming matter—for instance, a song for the dainty Miss Letty Lind, called “The Peer of the Realm,” in which she appears in black trunks and tights discreetly hidden, and still more discreetly revealed by a peer's robes of vivid scarlet; her dance after it is delightful. In addition, she takes part in the “International Flirtation” duet, which was received with great favour. Perhaps the cleverest of the new songs is Mr. C. Danby's, dealing with the coster and the fashionable craze for him. I suppose that I may quote a neatly turned stanza—

Yes, our nobs and upper classes
Means to elevate the masses
By adopting the ways of 'umble folk;
All our markises and earlies
Will be coming out in pearlies,
And a-doing Rotting Row behind a moke!
And on Bank 'Oliday
You will see them 'Ampstead way,
Trying “kissing in the ring” for a variety;
And the costers wont be missing
When there's countesses for kissing—
Oh! the coster is the pet of 'Igh Society.

Mr. Shine has an Irish song called “Calamity's Child,” that goes down very well. It would not be entirely true to say that the new numbers are quite as good as some of the old ones. Not one of them has such gracefully written music as the butler's song, which, in my opinion, is one of the best things in the piece. “Honesty Jim” holds its own; “Marguerite of Monte Carlo” still defies the competition of all comers, and “The Irish Parliament” is hardly approached. Yet if the ingenious Mr. Ross and Dr. Osmond Carr are not altogether successful in the strife with themselves, what they have done is certainly good enough to deserve the handsome applause that it receives.

In point of structure matters are almost as they were. A comical device for the discomfiture of the ineffable Lord Pimpleton has been introduced, and the part of the bulldog has been written up, while that entertaining potentate, Mr. Colin Coop, enjoys a new song that he sings capitally. Moreover, I may observe that the ladies have had new bindings, in which some look delightful: a few of them—to use the booksellers' term—seem “half-bound,” though the calf has not been stinted.

Perhaps the chief merit of the new volume is that it offers a valid excuse for going again to “Morocco Bound.” Critics, who are supposed to be austere supporters of serious drama, cannot be seen twice at a musical farce without some plausible reason, or they forfeit their characters. Looking at the affair from this point of view, I should like Messrs. Ross and Carr to try a popular edition in monthly numbers. Once each change of the moon would not be too often to see Miss Letty in her delightful dances, particularly in the “Surprise,” while her manipulation of the tiny thread of silver voice in “Marguerite” never grows wearisome. Mr. Charles Danby's strenuous, conscientious humours—curious but appropriate adjectives—do not quickly pall, while Mr. Shine is one familiarity with whom does not breed contempt. Miss Maggie Roberts, when she does not strain her voice in its upper register, sings well enough to bear frequent repetition. There is the intelligent bulldog, and also the almost as intelligent Lord Pimpleton, and one can name Miss Lizzie Ruggles, who ought to have a dance, Mr. A. Seymour, who acts neatly, and Mr. Colin Coop, who does his work admirably—of none of them would a monthly dose soon prove a surfeit. The walls of London are now resplendent with the posters of this play, which is wittily re-named “Morocco (Re-) Bound.” I expect those who have once seen the play will renew their acquaintance with it, and there will be also many new spectators.

Moreover, which of us old folks can grow weary of seeing Miss Lind turn cart-wheels and appear in the parasol skirts of a ballet dancer?

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NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 18, 1893.

We have had a most unpleasant week in the City, and the air has been thick with rumours of troubles at the Bank of England, of the disappearance of prominent latter-day financiers, of difficulties among the Lombard Street banks, and of all sorts of things of a like nature. The demon "Distrust" has fairly seized hold of the City again, and each man looks at his familiar friend with suspicion; indeed, if half the stories which fly from mouth to mouth are true, there is cause enough for the gloomiest view of the situation, but we are convinced that, as always happens, the mischief has been to a great extent discounted, and that when we have the explosion it will probably turn out to be a case of the mountain being in labour to produce the proverbial ridiculous mouse.

The Bank return was not a very interesting one, merely showing the usual reduction in the note circulation for the time of the year, and that the market has paid off its indebtedness to the central institution to the extent of about a million.

There is a steady, though small, investment business going on in high-class securities; but for anything of a doubtful nature it is very difficult to get a bid. Despite a series of bad traffics, Home Rails have been fairly good, because the dealers in the heavy lines expect the coal conference is going to make everything smooth, and the large "bear" account which the settlement has disclosed in Brighton A stock has produced considerable reaction.

In the Foreign market the chief interest has centred in Greek bonds and the return to power of M. Tricoupis. To arrange Greek finances is just now a difficult task, for the Government cannot meet its liabilities without crippling the principal industries, and if this crippling process is successfully carried out the country cannot pay its debts. Was ever wearied financier met with a more insoluble problem? The conversion of the 4½ per cent. Rente in France, which is again talked of, has little interest for this market, while the fluctuations in other international securities have been of a character to call for no remark.

American Rails were very firm yesterday on New York and Continental support, and the market in Louisville and Milwaukee shares was especially active.

Gradually the position of the Trust Companies and the truth about the troubles which have accumulated round Winchester House is becoming clearer. It is now known that the investigation of the Industrial and General Trust will probably end in the writing off of about a million of capital. At last a shareholder in the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Corporation has been found bold enough and self-sacrificing enough to initiate a movement for the protection of himself and his fellow-shareholders, and we strongly urge you, dear Sir, and all your friends to resolutely support the movement which Mr. Frederick Walker has begun. The circular which he has issued to his fellow-shareholders contains not a little information, and if, as a result of the meeting which he proposes to call, a strong and independent committee of shareholders is appointed, we hope much may be done to save something of the wreck.

Mr. Walker has given his fellow-sufferers a chance of making a fight, and if they are too supine to take the matter up they will deserve whatever fate overtakes them; but, great as we know the inertia of shareholders to be, we cannot believe that in this case, as in so many others, those who pay the piper will hesitate to direct the tune. The call notice and circular of the directors is the sort of document which you might have expected, and requires no remark from our hands.

Some interesting figures have reached us from Charters Towers, showing the steady progress of the gold-field, from which we learn that the yield has increased from 79,595 ounces in 1882 to 259,268 ounces in 1892, and that the dividends distributed by the various companies working upon the gold-field during the last twelve months amounted to £341,691. You have had no reason to regret Mill's Day Dawn United as a mining investment since we recommended it to you nearly a year ago, dear Sir, and the returns remain wonderfully steady. For a cheap mining speculation without liability you might do worse than pick up a thousand Mount Leyshan shares at about one shilling a-piece. The mine has returned to the profit-making list, and, with every chance of the water question being solved for a considerable time by the rains which may be expected next month, we consider that fifty or even one hundred pounds laid out in these shares is a very promising gamble.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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"MRS. OTHELLO."

A CHAT WITH MISS FANNY BROUGH.

Few English actresses are at once so widely popular and so thoroughly respected as is Miss Fanny Brough; she embodies, in a charming, youthful manner, all that is best in ancient stage traditions, while being also an adept in modern stage-craft.

Miss Brough began life under exceptionally favourable circumstances. Her father was the witty journalist and dramatic author, Robert Brough,



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.

MISS BROUGH AS DORCAS GENTLE IN "THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER."

and her mother was niece to Miss Romer, of "Mountain Sylph" and "Maritana" fame—in a word, every member of her family was, and is, distinguished in connection either with literature or the drama.

I found Miss Brough (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) in the pretty drawing-room of the Pioneer Club, and the many-toned, soft creams and yellows which compose the scheme of colour affected by the lady Pioneers threw into relief my hostess's dark hair, sparkling face, and dainty, upright figure.

"People often think," began Miss Brough, "that I am the daughter of my uncle Lionel, but, though my father died at the early age of two-and-thirty, we always, even as children, lived in an intellectual atmosphere, full of theatrical interest and associations. I betrayed my vocation very early in the day, for I made my *début* at the age of fourteen, in a pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester; but I consider I owe my dramatic training to the early tuition of my first manager, Charles Calvert—a fine actor and admirable stage-manager—and to the subsequent many years of hard and constant work in the provinces, with some of the very best plays and companies."

"And when did you first make the acquaintance of London playgoers?"

"At the St. James's Theatre, then under Mrs. Wood's management, in the title-*role* of Sullivan Edwards's adaptation of 'Fernande.' I was also a season with the Bancrofts, and with Toole, playing *ingénue* rôles, when he had the Gaiety. Strangely enough, none of my friendly managers ever discovered that I had a turn for humour; thus I was given such parts as Lotte in 'War' and Clara Douglas in the Bancrofts' revival of 'Money.' About five years ago, however, I at last got the chance of playing something funny, and since then I have been more often laughing than crying—at any rate, on the 'boards.' My first humorous part, that seems to have been the start of my success as a *comédienne*, was Norah Fitzgerald in H. Hamilton's play, 'Harvest,' under Mr. C. H. Hawtrey's management, at the Princess's. Since then

I have had many cheerful rôles, acting in 'Doctor Bill,' succeeding Mrs. John Wood in 'The Late Lamented,' and acting in 'The Prodigal Daughter,' 'The County Councillor,' &c."

"And have you any favourite part?" I inquired.

Miss Brough hesitated. "I love all my rôles, but perhaps I consider that my most careful study has been Mrs. Egerton Bompas in Mr. Pinero's comedy, 'The Times,' played, you will remember, at Terry's Theatre, some two years ago."

"Have you any special views on costumes or scenery?"

"Both ought to be the best of their kind," she replied emphatically. "I take great trouble with my stage clothes. Every actress should remember that the public always see her and obtain their first impression of her before she has had time to speak a line; besides, one acts a great deal better when one feels that one looks the character assumed."

"I believe, Miss Brough, that you are one of the pillars of the Actors' Association?"

"Hardly that. I am greatly interested in it, as I believe it ought to be of great value to all in our profession," she observed modestly. "However, I am, and have from the first been, on the committee, trying my best to attend the meetings held every week at the Association's rooms in St. Martin's Lane."

"But you are also president of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild? Surely these philanthropic undertakings must take up a good deal of your time?"

"I thoroughly enjoy being busy," she answered briskly, "and in the case of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild our invaluable founder and honorary secretary, Mrs. C. L. Carson, does the giant's share of work. A sewing 'bee' is held every week at this lady's house, at which there is an average attendance of thirty members, and at the present moment we have over a hundred bundles of made-up clothing ready to send out to necessitous feminine members of the profession. I should add that actors' wives and women employed about theatres or music-halls are also eligible as applicants, and need hardly tell you that strict secrecy as to names, &c., is observed in regard to all cases. We are very proud of our Guild, claiming that it is useful and unostentatious, and, indirectly, the means of bringing all members of the profession closer together; for, even if an actor cannot come to the sewing 'bee,' said Miss Brough with a roguish smile, "he can always subscribe to our fund. Mr. Irving always kindly lends us the Lyceum stage for our annual meeting, and has been one of our warmest supporters from the first. My duties as president are discharged once a fortnight or so, when we hold our executive committee meetings, which I delight in."

"On the whole, do you advise the stage as a profession? You must often be asked for advice by stage-struck amateurs."



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.

AS DORCAS GENTLE IN "THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER."



MISS FANNY BROUGH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"My advice is always the same," responded Miss Brough grimly, "and is that tendered by *Punch* to those about to marry—Don't. As far as I can see, there is really no room left in the profession, and an amateur never realises that he will have to begin at the beginning, and, perhaps, never get on any further," she concluded seriously. "Our profession to those who work is one of the hardest; but it also, unfortunately, seems to offer a refuge to the idle ne'er-do-well. This, I suppose, is why it is so terribly overcrowded."

"I believe, Miss Brough, that you are a great advocate of the Conservatoire system, and would like to see something of the kind established in England?"

"Certainly, and I cannot speak too strongly on this point. Anyone can now call themselves an actor or actress. Heaven knows there are enough *bond-fide* members of the profession, first-rate, talented workers, who cannot get anything to do; yet the cry is ever 'They come, and still they come.' Every stage-struck girl or youth, if they can get a short engagement through good luck or personal influence, make their *début*, utterly lacking all previous training or experience, and henceforth he or she have a right to dub themselves actor and actress. The rudiments of the dramatic art have to be learnt like those of any other art, and from every point of view it would be well if this apprenticeship could take place in a Conservatoire."

"I suppose that you embodied these theories in your now famous speech at the Playgoers' Club?"

Miss Brough laughed. "I think I may say that was the only occasion on which I was ever seized with stage-fright. Public speaking is not at all in my line, and I would not willingly again go through the days that preceded that experience. I was terror-stricken at the thought of getting up and addressing a large audience, and I tried hard to get out of my engagement to speak. But no; I was told that I should certainly succeed, and, strangely enough, I did. The subject was engrossing, and the moment I got on my feet I felt that I really had a message to deliver; but, still, I was exceedingly surprised when I was told at the end that I had made a good speech, and still more when I found what I had said had been so widely noticed and commented on in the daily and weekly Press."

"Then you advocate the formation of a School of Dramatic Art?"

"Strongly, and I hope we shall yet see such an establishment become a fact. If it did nothing else, a Conservatoire would serve to give each pupil a hall-mark testifying that he or she had really studied the English drama."

"It may seem ungracious," she added, after a pause, "for an actress who has already 'arrived' to speak in this fashion about aspirants to dramatic fame, but scarce a day passes without I hear some piteous story of privation and misery brought on from want of work by those who are clever, capable artists, and have earned their right to be considered such; and yet, at the same time, I receive endless inquiries from the aspiring amateur, who is anxious to swell the crowds of our unemployed. Can you wonder I say 'Don't.' In no other profession is so much privation and difficulty silently endured, as our Guild and the Actors' Benevolent Fund know, alas, only too well."

THE DRESSES IN "MRS. OTHELLO."

If you want to see some really smart gowns you should go and see "Mrs. Othello" at Toole's. Miss Brough looks wonderfully well in the first act, in a smart gown of dark green cloth with a velvet bodice, the basques, revers, and cuffs bordered with glittering sequins. Her dainty little velvet bonnet is also edged with sequins, and has two green Mercury wings and a high aigrette in front. In the second act her evening dress is of velvet, in a daring but beautiful shade of bright orange yellow, the trained skirt opening at the left side over a petticoat of white satin draped with lovely old lace, fastened here and there with diamond wheel-of-fortune buttons. The skirt is arranged with very full panniers, and the bodice has a berthe of lace, fastened with velvet rosettes, and the full puffed sleeves are finished off with deep frills of lace, a spray of orange-coloured roses being placed on the left sleeve at the elbow. Miss Brough's third gown is of *café-au-lait* silk, the skirt trimmed with a flounce of black lace and a band of black satin ribbon, tying in front with long ends, passes round the waist. The bodice has zouaves of black lace, over which fall festooned strings of cut jet and crystal beads. Her hat is of *café-au-lait* felt, trimmed with black tips and green roses.

Miss Blanche Horlock, lovely as ever, looks at her best in the second act, in an evening dress of white satin, trimmed with lace and festoons of tiny pink roses, and in the third act she wears a perfectly plain gown of pearl-grey silk with a soft fichu of white chiffon, and a black lace hat trimmed with pink roses.

Miss Maud Abbott appears first in a gown of peacock-blue cloth, the skirt trimmed with three rows of black braid. The bodice has a draped waistcoat of soft black silk, terminating in a loosely knotted sash, and the sleeves are also of black silk, the turned-down collar and cuffs being of white lace. Her black hat is turned up in front with black tips and rosettes of peacock-blue velvet. Her second dress is of brown velvet trimmed with beaver, and with an under bodice of salmon-pink satin, over which are straps of velvet edged with gold cord. Her hat to match is trimmed with black tips and delicate pink roses.

In the first piece, "The Brothers," Miss Melville's gown is of electric-blue *crépon*, with a vest of soft golden yellow figured silk and revers and shoulder frills of creamy lace. With it is worn a smart little zouave bodice of velvet in a darker shade.

F.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The cold during the past week has been intense, and, for the first weeks of November, most extraordinary. At Villebon the ice was five centimètres thick, and skating was in full swing for two days. At the time of writing, however, a thaw has set in suddenly, and now we are threatened with a spell of wet and muggy weather, such as one generally expects at this time of the year. Arrangements have been made at the Cercle des Patineurs, in the Bois, for the electric light to be thrown on the ice when it comes again, so that the exhilarating exercise of skating need not be stopped in the evening.

The Frenchwoman of late has made wonderful strides in taking healthy and vigorous exercise, and, seemingly, throws herself thoroughly into the enjoyment of them. A stranger to Paris would be struck at the numbers of women, old and young, fat and slim, ugly and pretty, who are to be seen in the Bois every morning pedalling their bicycles along, arranged in all manner of *chic* and fantastic costumes. In the afternoon he would see the same fair ones at one of the many fencing schools, and in the evening might find them indefatigably skating, either on real ice at the Pôle Nord, or at the Columbia Skating Rink on rollers. After a programme like this, who shall dare to insinuate that French women are lazy? Let us hope they will soon succeed in getting their husbands and brothers to follow their plucky example.

Among the candidates for *fauteuils* are MM. Zola, François Charmes, Paul Verlaine, Jean Paul Clarens, Henry Houssaye, and Emile Montégut.

The Duc de Chartres inaugurated a splendid shoot for the Grand Duke Vladimir at Chantilly. The Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess were met at the station by a numerous party, including the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, Princesse Marguerite and Prince Henri d'Orléans, Prince and Princesse de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, &c. A bag of nearly seven hundred head was made, including pheasants, partridges, and deer. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir were immensely popular during their stay here, and the latter, by all accounts, seems to have bought half of the Rue de la Paix. I saw her Imperial Highness one afternoon being manicured at Carmichael's, and chatting very pleasantly in English to the pretty young manicurist, who was quite unaware that she was making the nails of a Grand Duchess beautiful for ever—or, at least, for three weeks.

The other night, having supper at the Café de la Paix after the Opéra with some friends, I was intensely amused by listening to the conversation of four people seated at a table just behind me. It was unpardonably curious of me, I know, but I must plead guilty to listening to every word I could pick up. The one holding forth was a very pretty young lady, well dressed in a semi-sporting costume, and she was confiding the worries of her *ménage* to her two masculine friends and another lady. This is some of what she said: "Would you believe that my butler actually had the *sangfroid* to assure me that my little dog Athos had consumed as medicine during the last three months ten pounds of quinquina?" "*Quelle Colosse devrait être Athos maintenant!*" murmured one of her cavaliers. "And I found that he had been cheating me out of twenty-five francs on the empty *bidons* of petroleum every week, this, of course, being only one item." Receiving sympathetic replies from her friends, she was encouraged to unbosom herself still further. "I am keeping him on till I go to Nice, *et après, ça m'est égal, je le flanquerai à la porte!*" Two days afterwards I understood why the mistress of Athos seemed in despair with her servants. It appears that she is Liane de Pougy, quite the most celebrated *demi-mondaine* of Paris, and the papers were full of a case in which she was the defendant and a former housekeeper of hers, Mdle. Territt, the plaintiff. The reason of the dispute was a matter of 15,000 fr., alleged to have been advanced to the mistress by the housekeeper. This the former refuses to pay unless receipted invoices can be produced of each article supposed to have been paid for.

Mdle. Territt's account book was produced, and among the items of interest are the following: Perfumed bath for the dog Athos, 3 fr.; fortune-teller, 100 fr.; for the journalists at Spa, 1978 fr.; Madame's ticket at the theatre at Spa, one night, 6 fr.; tooth-powder, 35 fr.

Mdle. Territt was only with the "Comtesse" Liane de Pougy (as she calls herself) for two months, and with a salary of eighty francs a month she must have been very economical to have been able to pay away the quarter of the money she claims to have done. The Marquis Charles de MacMahon spent a large sum on Liane de Pougy in 1892, and he was applied to by Territt to settle her account, but refused to do so. Writing of his former mistress to a friend, the Marquis says: "She has been very unfortunate. I do not think there is anything bad about her. She has the disadvantage of being badly advised by the people she associates with." Judgment will be given shortly.

Louise Michel, the celebrated revolutionist, came to Paris with the object of finding a publisher weak enough to publish a book of short stories entitled "Le Siècle Rouge." She speaks very favourably of the freedom accorded to all agitators in London. After the horrid outrage at Barcelona, and the striking down of the Servian Minister by an Anarchist, Louise Michel was persuaded by her friends to leave Paris, and very wisely, too.—MIMOSA.



*Joseph Bonaparte
in "Les Rois"
1^{er} Act*



Vallée

Leane de Sings recounts her troubles at the table

SMALL TALK.

Mr. Acland's name is coming constantly before the public as that of an earnest politician who does not confine his interests to the Department of Education, over which he presides. He is credited with having had



MR. ARTHUR ACLAND.

much to do with the framing of the Parish Councils Bill now before the House of Commons, and there is no doubt that in dealing with other economic questions Mr. Acland will play a prominent part. His keen, intellectual features and brow, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and blue eyes at first sight suggest the curate rather than the statesman, but his speech has the firm note of a politician in earnest. He is the third son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., who had an experience of the House of Commons extending over fifty years. Mr. Arthur Acland was born in 1847, and was educated at Rugby and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was for two years the Principal of the Oxford Military College, but has none of the airs of a pedagogue, which is fortunate, as "the House of Commons does not love professors." He commenced to represent the Rotherham Division of Yorkshire in 1885, and this constituency has remained faithful to him, giving Mr. Acland in 1892 the substantial majority of 3728 votes. The Minister of Education is married to a rector's daughter, and has some olive-branches. He has written three capital books, including a "Handbook of the Political History of England." To crown all, besides being a member of the Cabinet, he is a County Council Alderman of Carnarvonshire. He has always taken a deep interest in Co-operation and in the University Extension Movement.

Oxford and the Scotch Universities have little in common, and yet a constant interchange of men goes on between them. This has been notably shown in the appointment of Professor Edward Caird, of Glasgow University, to the Mastership of Balliol, where he had a brilliant career as undergraduate more than thirty years ago. It was rumoured that Mr. G. G. A. Murray, the youthful Professor of Greek in the same University, was mentioned as Dr. Jowett's successor in the Greek chair, Mr. Gladstone having, it is said, favoured him. The appointment, however, making two transfers from Glasgow to Oxford at one blow, might have been impolitic, even though Mr. Murray would have been returning again to his *Alma Mater*. On the other hand, reversing the process, it is not unlikely that Oxford may give Scotland one of her *alumni* in the shape of Mr. Herbert J. C. Grierson, who is a candidate for the chair of English Literature in Aberdeen University. This chair used to be joined to that of Logic, both being held by the late Professor Minto. By the bequest of Mr. Chalmers, a member of the family that founded the oldest existing Scotch newspaper, the *Aberdeen Journal*—it first appeared immediately after Culloden—an endowment was left for an English chair, and it is more than probable that Dr. Minto would have taken that chair. Mr. Grierson, who comes of a very old Shetland family, had a brilliant career, first at Aberdeen University, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, not merely in pure scholarship, but in the wider fields of debate and the literary life of the University. At present he is temporarily filling the chair for which he is a candidate, and for which he fulfils the necessary qualification of having a knowledge of the Scotch language.

Some retrenchments which have been lately inaugurated by the Belgian Government seem likely to occasion that hubbub of conflicting sentiment with which the economies of a paternal administration often meet with. Crowned heads and crownless pockets seem in equal case nowadays where there is a question of laying the dust or raising the wind, and so it is, no doubt, in an indirect spirit of righteousness that the Belgian powers have decided to utilise their bad boys by training them as compositors, and having all, or a great deal, of Government printing done for the future in reformatory schools. Former *employés*, however, in the shape of indignant printers and compositors, think that they have the right of a word in this arrangement. An official complaint is being framed by these injured knights of the printing press, and if the Ministers who are responsible for the measure refuse to lend a willing ear to these plaints there will be "something and all to pay."

When electric light companies can content themselves with making fortunes in three years instead of two, and so lower the price of their inestimable illumination to the water-mark of middle-class pockets, burglars, among other unconsidered trifles who love the dark, will materially decrease in numbers. Madame Patti has the power of illuminating the whole valley around Craig-y-Nos by simply turning

a handle at her bedside. This powerful light was affixed after the midnight call of some gentry with a fondness for plate and jewels some years since. The cost was very large, but now that electricity is coming to "popular prices" we may hope for developments in the way of street and house illuminations which will ultimately suppress the hard-dying descendant of Claude Duval altogether.

Mr. George Moore's new novel, "Esther Waters," is now passing through the press. The book, as has already been stated, is the life of a servant girl trying to bring up her child upon her wages. The girl is a member of the Plymouth Brethren, and Mr. Moore treats, for the first time, of latter-day religious problems. His preface has the merit of brevity. It is epigrammatically condensed into four lines: "The ancient writers did not compose their narratives as we compose our novels, with a view to exciting the erotic passions of the military or the sentimentality of the middle classes. Their narratives were merely the brilliant raiment of their philosophical faith."

Quacking, gabbling, crowing, and a general air of feathered pandemonium prevailed at the Crystal Palace when I ran down last week to see that a favourite game cockerel, despatched to the Poultry Show, had arrived and was comfortably placed. Over six thousand entries proved the popularity of the institution, and there certainly was no lack of vocal effort on the part of the fowls themselves—pert bantams, as much "all there" as possible; turkeys in every stage of truculence; and geese in by no means the best of tempers. Perhaps the prize for pugnacity should, however, be given to Mr. Dugan's trumpeter pigeons, whose pitched battles were a source of delight to all the small people in the neighbourhood. Each cage was, in fact, a miniature prize ring, and the occupants pegged away at each other with considerable vigour. "There's a lot of human nature in pigeons," as a moralising old lady remarked in my vicinity.

The Horatian motto of "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes," to which allusion was made in our recent interview with the Lord Mayor of London, was written, not by Thackeray, but by the historiographer of the "Sette," Mr. W. M. Thompson.

"Here stands a post," or rather—for it is of the eastern end of Vigo Street that I am speaking—here, till a few days back, stood three posts, which for many years had impeded the traffic between Regent Street and Bond Street. The County Council, who have been doing such useful work in the matter of ridding the Metropolis of its gates and bars, finished up a busy morning's work by removing the posts in question. Solid iron posts were these, with a baronet's red hand and the initials "R. S." upon them, and for years past they had marked the boundary of the great Sutton estate, and had blocked the way for carriage traffic into Burlington Gardens. The students who throng the University of London at examination times and the officials of the Bank of England, whose West-End branch is exactly opposite, may find those buildings somewhat less quiet than was formerly the case; but there is no doubt that the moving of the posts was a step in the right direction, and the general public will be thankful to the County Council for clearing this and other thoroughfares in the way they have done.

What shall we do with our boys when our girls shall have ousted them from their present occupations? Lady doctors and lady vets., lady stockbrokers and lady clerks, and "sweet girl graduates" we already have, and ere long, I understand, that most conservative of old ladies who runs the big money shop in Threadneedle Street is likely to depart from her traditions and employ lady bank clerks. What the duties of these ladies will be, to what extent they will be brought into contact with the present staff, and to what number they will be engaged, I really cannot say, but there is, I believe, little doubt that 1894 will see what, for some time past, has been but a rumour an accomplished fact. I wonder whether Macaulay's New Zealander, when he comes to town, will discover Bank of England notes signed by a lady Chief Cashier; but, certainly, this new departure should open a large field for such ladies as have well-developed commercial instincts.

The credulity of the public has always been a favourite theme for moralists to preach on and swindlers to practise, but this last *canard* to which many persons of position in Rome have foolishly and verdantly subscribed is really beyond words of pity. A friend who is wintering in the Eternal City writes me that large sums have been lately obtained from pious and simple-minded citizens by a quartet of finished taradiddlers, whose thriving trade of working the oracle has been suddenly arrested. It seems that a woman calling herself by the romantic *nom de guerre* of Comtesse St. Arnaud and a self-enobled Duke of Bustalli have concocted a wild and weird legend concerning Pope Leo XIII., whom they dubbed as an impostor detaining the real Pope Leo in certain mythical dungeons of the Vatican. These philanthropic souls, with the avowed intention of liberating their imaginary Leo, have been drawing a liberal income from their recital of the Pontiff's woes. But the police, taking a hard—not to say prosaic—view of all this romance, have been inquiring into dungeons, vaults, and other airy trifles, with the result that the illustrious Duke and the Countess are now cooling their fervid imaginations in the comfortless seclusion of an Italian prison; while the people who have expended their *lire* on a tragedy to find themselves treated to a burlesque, how cheap they must feel in these times of general depression! Truly, of all fools the "good-natured and confiding" one is greatest.

The weather was cold and stormy during the last week of the Queen's stay at Balmoral, and, with the exception of a drive to the Glassalt Shiel, no long excursions were made. A couple of afternoons were spent by the Queen in driving round by Crathie and Abergeldie, visiting certain "pet" villagers and tenants on the estate, and her Majesty also went to Crathie churchyard to place the regulation "departure wreath" on John Brown's grave. As at present arranged, the Queen will leave Windsor for Osborne on Saturday, Dec. 16, and the Court is to remain in the Isle of Wight for two months.

Sir John Clark, of Tillypronie, was honoured with an invitation to Balmoral before the Queen left Scotland. He is the only son of the late

although the Master of the Household is supposed to be always in attendance at Court, invariably manages to take a holiday while the Queen is in Scotland, and thus escapes the somewhat tedious dullness of Balmoral.

The special services at the mausoleum at Frogmore on the morning of Thursday, Dec. 14, the thirty-second anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, are to be conducted by the Dean of Windsor, the hymns and anthem being sung by the boys of the choir of St. George's Chapel. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife are to arrive at Windsor Castle in time for dinner on



CAPTURE OF LOBENGULA'S BROTHER: "AN EXTRA SIXPENCE FOR DELIVERY, SIR."—See Daily Papers.

Sir John Clark, so many years her Majesty's confidential physician. The present baronet, it is said, also enjoys, to a considerable extent, the Queen's confidence, and is frequently consulted by her Majesty.

The Lord and Groom-in-Waiting have arrived in Windsor. During the Queen's sojourn in Scotland the services of these ornamental functionaries are dispensed with, as there is only accommodation at Balmoral for those Court officials whose presence is absolutely necessary. A "Lord-in-Waiting" is a very pleasant sinecure. The "Lord's" duties consist of his living very comfortably at one of the royal palaces for about three weeks in the year, and for this arduous service he receives from a grateful country the satisfactory salary of £700 per annum. It is, therefore, little wonder that there is always a plethora of applicants for these desirable posts. Sir John and Lady Cowell returned last week to the official residence of the Master of the Household at Windsor Castle from Clifton Castle, where they have been passing the autumn. Sir John,

the 13th, but will leave again immediately after the conclusion of the special services on the following day, as her Majesty always passes the anniversary of her lamented husband's death in the strictest seclusion. There will be no visitors at the Castle after the 11th.

"Poor humanity" has at various times desired to find a last resting-place in the "high places of the earth," and more than a hundred years ago a certain Sussex miller conceived the wish that his bones should rest on Highdown Hill, a spur of the South Downs that overlooks the village of Goring. But he was not the first to select it as a place of sepulture. Excavations now being carried on have led to the discovery of many bones of more ancient Sussex worthies, and interesting relics, such as implements of war and agriculture, have also been unearthed. These excavations are being made, I believe, by a local magnate, Mr. Henty, and further results will be looked for with interest by archaeologists.

In an interesting article on London breweries a contemporary speaks of the 30,000 gallons annually brewed by the Barclay, Perkins establishment under the Thrale régime as "about a fifteenth of the output in later days." This estimate is a very modest one, and by no means represents that "growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," the potentiality of which Dr. Johnson asserted in speaking of this historic brewery. A gentleman who for many years was connected with the great Southwark brewery tells me that some forty or fifty years ago the output was not 450,000 gallons, but between three and four hundred thousand barrels. In those days the brewers' profit was about 8s. 6d. a barrel, which would make the annual profits of the firm from £150,000 to £170,000. This seems a good deal nearer the mark than the £6000 annual profit which would have been yielded by an output of 450,000 gallons. When one remembers the number of partners there have been in this great firm and the vast fortunes they have left behind them, £6000 annual profit could have been but a drop in the ocean.

Many celebrities have made a point of visiting the famous Southwark brewery, and have inscribed their names in the visitors' book of that prosperous establishment, which, I believe, was purchased from the representatives of the Thrales by Mr. John Perkins, who for many years resided in the old mansion, Denmark House, which gave the name to Denmark Hill, Camberwell. My friend told me that the most extraordinary scene he ever witnessed at the brewery was on the occasion of the visit paid there by the Austrian General von Haynau, who had earned an unenviable notoriety as a woman-flogger. The stalwart draymen learned who the visitor was, a riot ensued, and the General only escaped from the scene, with coat torn off his back, to Bankside, where he took refuge in a dust-bin, and eventually got clean—or more probably by no means clean—away. The Austrian Government obtained no satisfaction for this outrage, though I believe Messrs. Barclay tendered our Government an apology for the roughness of their *employés*.

That Queen Liliuokalani's toppled-over throne should be once more the subject of a political pow-wow is one of the strange and unforeseen turns in Fortune's wheel that no one could have expected. Mr. Gresham's recommendation to mercy of the little Hawaiian crown has caused an eloquent diversity of American opinion. The President's action is condemned by some and lauded by more. But President Cleveland is a man of his eyes, and will doubtless see for himself as to the best disposal of authority in Hawaii. Meanwhile, pathetic details are not wanting as to Mr. Stevens's high-handed methods of dethronement in January last. The Queen was abruptly ordered from her palace, and, adding insult to injury, one Dr. Rogers profaned the constitutional notes of the Queen's piano by playing "Yankee Doodle" on its aristocratic keyboard. The King's bed was given over to the use of a minor official, and a table which had been used as a bier for the bodies of royal personages was irreverently thrown out into the back yard of the palace. The Queen seems, however, likely to come into her own again, and Mr. Stevens's assumed "protectorate" has been entirely annulled.

An interesting relic of Gordon's refugees has come into the possession of the officers' mess of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment. It consists of a fresh-water shell, abandoned in the Bayuda Desert by the refugees. It was secured during the Nile Campaign (1884-5) by



Captain J. H. Forster, and recently presented by him to the officers' mess of his regiment. The rim and base of the shell have been mounted by Messrs. Mappin and Webb in artistically wrought sterling silver, resting upon miniature models of the Sphinx and Pyramids, also in sterling silver.

What connection can there be, I wonder, between an Irish *rookawn*—this spelling is of the most phonetic—and the Canadian *boucane*? Both mean in their original sense a kick-up, a social shindy, a carnival of pipes and potheen, and when, being in gay Lutetia some days ago, I was asked by a cordial Canadian to join in the social-glass clinkings of "La Boucane" I accepted with avidity. The society is quite new, this, in fact, being a second function only, and is formed for the friendly foregathering of Canadians in Paris. Both in name and characteristics the occasion reminded me of an evening spent in Galway last winter.

MISS FRIDA SCOTTA.

Miss Frida Scotta, the Danish violinist, whose portrait we publish, though she calls herself "very old," is only just of age. She has beauty sufficient for success without genius, and genius enough to succeed even



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MISS FRIDA SCOTTA.

if she were plain. Her type, strange to say, is purely Spanish, and immediately calls to one's mind the land that Carmen glorified, the country which at present is "Morocco Bound," without the chance of doing such profitable business as is done by the Shaftesbury Theatre syndicate. Her large dark eyes, not content with being lovely *à la* Carmencita, sparkle with intelligence, and her smile is doubly fascinating, for it discloses teeth of a pearly whiteness and gives birth to "cunning" dimples. Determined not to be *bête comme un musicien*, she has studied five languages, and, unlike the Swiss, is mistress of at least one of them. She was born in Copenhagen, and at an early age showed unusual

aptitude for music. When half-way through her teens she went to the Paris Conservatoire, and studied under M. Berthelier and also M. Massart.

It was said by Paganini that if he practised less than nine hours a day he noticed a falling off in execution; eight, and the critics remarked it; when less than seven, the public complained. Yet M. Massart objects strongly to his pupils playing more than three or, at most, four hours a day, his theory being that what they gain in mechanical skill by harder work they lose in health, and that an artiste who leaves the Conservatoire a mere bundle of nerves has little chance of a long or really brilliant career. In fact, he thinks that the system of eight or nine hours a day practice in force at the Berlin Conservatoire is a sad mistake—but then M. Massart is a Frenchman!

After winning the gold medal of the Conservatoire against thirty competitors, Miss Frida Scotta travelled through Germany, Austria, and Hungary, creating enthusiasm everywhere by her talent and beauty, and at the age of seventeen made a sensation at a Philharmonic Concert in Copenhagen. Last year she came to London, almost unknown, and with only her violin as passport, but met with so much encouragement that she returned this spring and made her real *début* at Mr. Manns' benefit concert at the Crystal Palace, where her fine, crisp touch, true artistic feeling, beautiful tone, and remarkable technique met with instant appreciation. At her own concert, and afterwards in Scotland, this favourable impression was amply confirmed, and her last performance in London, at Henschel's Symphony Concert, was the cause of unstinted and well-deserved praise from the Press. Now she has set out for Germany and Vienna—where she is already known as solo violinist under Richter's *bâton*—and Budapest, but will pass through Paris to complete arrangements to play at Lamoureux's concert next April.

Restlessness—possibly the curious survival of the Norse blood in her veins—makes her love travelling and strange cities, but of Denmark she speaks lovingly, and every summer she goes to her home near the sea—where her father, a Danish barrister of talent, dwells—and there rests and reads. Of course, she reads Ibsen, for no one coming from the North can escape the infection. According to her, the Danes do not dote on the Norwegian pessimist. She does not admire Solness, and says that though, possibly, Hildas may swarm in Sweden they are unknown in Denmark. Of her countrywoman, Lady Hallé, she speaks with genuine enthusiasm, and thinks her unsurpassable as a leader of quartets.

Miss Frida Scotta is utterly unspoiled by her success, and, despite, or on account of, her splendid gifts, wisely dispenses with the mannerisms of many mere *virtuosi*; indeed, till she stands with her violin quivering under her fingers, her face and eyes transformed by the spell of music, she might well pass for a clever, simple-minded, prettily dressed society girl. Next season she returns to London, and in June will be heard at the Philharmonic Concerts, under Saint-Saëns, and there can be little doubt that she will meet with an enthusiastic welcome from those who know her, and hearty admiration from those who yet have that pleasure to come. Twenty-one, beautiful, and half-way up the ladder of fame! who would not be our own Miss Frida Scotta?

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MISS CLEMENTS.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

III.—MR. SIDNEY LOW AND THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE."*

"So *The Sketch* has got down to me," said the able editor of the *St. James's Gazette* (writes a representative) when I wished to interview him.

"Up to you," I replied, since in the eyes of a journalist editors, next to proprietors and wives, are the most important beings on earth; "and I want to begin by learning all about your history."

"My history? I am only responsible for one historical work of a very modest kind, and I daresay you know all about that."

"I meant, of course, the history of yourself." It was very hard to induce him to talk about himself, and I had to get facts out of him by a kind of verbal Ingersoll rock-drill. His birth took place thirty-six years ago in London—most editors and journalists come from the north, even from beyond Berwick—he was educated at King's College School, and then went to Oxford with a Balliol scholarship. On his return to town he became Lecturer on Modern History at King's College, as deputy for Professor S. R. Gardiner, and he also lectured a good deal for the University Extension Society. He has been called to the Bar, and like many another barrister has not found—perhaps has not sought—an opportunity for distinction in the Law Courts. For some years past he has been well known in London journalism, and contributed to several of the leading papers, daily and weekly, and largely to the *St. James's Gazette*. In 1888, on Mr. Frederick Greenwood's retirement, he became editor of the paper which he now directs with great ability and success.

"What do I think about anonymity in journalism? I think it is a good thing. Good for journalists? That is hardly the question. I know that many journalists think that if they signed their articles the

pecuniary value, to them, of their work would go up at once; but that is very doubtful, and, even if it were true, I don't consider that the first object of a newspaper is to add to the individual, and often exaggerated, importance of us journalists. In my view a newspaper ought really to represent a school of thought, to have a kind of corporate existence—"

"No soul to be damned and no body to be—'" I observed.

"Unfortunately, we have something like a body to be kicked. A paper should represent some view of life from which all subjects, political

For instance, the term 'Ibsenism' connotes a set of ideas on most of the aspects of existence, and in that respect there should be a 'St. James's Gazetteism,' though I should, perhaps, add that we do not take the 'Rosmer view of life.' Now, this could hardly be managed if

articles were signed—then Mr. X. would consider that he was giving his opinions, not the paper's."

"Some people," I remarked, "draw a distinction between the political and non-political."

"I do not at all, and I think it really comes from underrating the importance of the non-political. Practically speaking, signed 'leaders' would be impossible for most daily papers; the 'leaders' are often the result of discussion between the editor, the actual writer, and, perhaps, one or two other persons; all are under the influence of the traditions of the paper. Who, then, ought to sign, where so many have had a finger in the pie? You see, the French papers furnish no parallel, and rather resemble daily magazines, with a small dose of facts, than a newspaper. The non-political? Well, even from the first, from the days of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, we attached great importance to the literary and artistic side, and we have tried to give the paper a distinct literary and artistic tone; and, as I have said, I think in every well-edited paper there is a certain harmony between all branches. We select writers whose opinions are in the main in general agreement with ours, and then, no doubt, they soon come to catch the tone of the paper."

"It sounds rather as if your staff were a set of chameleons. May I ask who are your chief *aides-de-camp*?"

"My assistant editor is Mr. Hugh Chisholm, a clever young Oxford man, who took his first-class four or five years ago, was called to the Bar, began writing, drifted into journalism, and is certain to distinguish himself in it. Mr. J. P. Brodhurst, who edits the *Budget*, joined our regular staff soon after I took over the editorship. It was, as you know, under his guidance that the *Budget* came out as an illustrated paper, and, thanks mainly to his ability, it has been a great success from all points of view, and holds its own now in the field in which *The Sketch* is such a formidable competitor. My news-editor is Mr. David Bremner, whom Fleet Street knows

pretty well. He comes from the north, and got his 'baptism of fire' on the *Scotsman* in the old days—a capital school for a working journalist, I should think. Our business administration—and you know how much energy and resourcefulness mean in that department—is under the control of Mr. E. H. Mayo Gunn. I may add that our printer



MR. SIDNEY J. LOW, M.A.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. HUGH CHISHOLM.

MR. J. PENDEREL BRODHURST,
"ST. JAMES'S BUDGET."

or non-political, are judged, so that there would be a certain harmony, however subtle, between the leader-writer and the critics of every branch.

* "Mr. E. T. Cook and the *Westminster Gazette*" appeared on Feb. 8, and "Mr. H. Cust and the *Pall Mall Gazette*" on May 10.

is Mr. Ebenezer Southcott, who has held that position at the *St. James's Gazette* from the start, and perhaps you do *not* know what it means to an editor to have a printer on whose willingness, industry, and knowledge he can thoroughly rely."

"Are you a writing editor?" I asked. "I believe there are editors who make a boast that they never touch a pen."

"I do not take that view. I see no reason why an editor should not himself write, and I do a good proportion of our 'leaders,' notes, and other matter."

"This cannot leave much time for other literary work?"

"No; I am afraid an occasional essay in the *Fortnightly*, the *National Review*, the *Contemporary*, and other magazines is about the sum of my

"Well, we have to keep increasing the sporting columns; the public requires it. Besides, there seems a great growth of public taste for matters outside the old stock subjects. So we publish short stories, sketches of life, essays of a non-didactic character, and keep much space for criticism of books, plays, music, &c. Yes; no doubt it is arduous work directing an evening paper in these rapid times, and perhaps the editor's lot is rather like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, but——"

The "but" meant, I fancy, that to a man of his temperament hard work and grave responsibilities are almost the breath of life. He does not even groan over the libel laws, which is rare in editors, but he can wax very eloquent about the preposterous state of newspaper copyright. He thinks it absurd that newspapers should be governed by a statute that



THE EDITORIAL ROOM AT THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

modest literary 'achievement.' A busy life? Of course; why not? Have I changed the paper much in my five years of office? Well, I have rather developed its existing features than changed; as to any modification in its politics, our readers must judge. I have, no doubt, accepted the views, to some extent, of what is called the New Journalism, though, to be candid, the most laudable novelty of the new school seems chiefly to consist in doing old things rather better than they used to be done. For instance, some of the papers in past days did not take much trouble about the form in which news was presented. It has always been a tradition of ours that facts as well as opinions should have the benefit of as much literary style as possible. Perhaps we more than most of our contemporaries enter into the spirit of Charles Lamb's 'matter-of-lie man,' in opposition to the 'matter-of-fact'; but we endeavour to make even facts palatable, and get them accurately, too."

"Moreover, I suppose some changes are forced on you?"

never refers to them by name, and was primarily intended for books. He wants a new Journalistic Copyright Act, specially intended to deal with newspapers.

Asked as to his general journalistic ideals and theories, Mr. Low said: "Well, it is a large subject to discuss off-hand; but as regards this particular journal I may say that we have always maintained that, notwithstanding the taste for tit-bits publications and the like, there is a public which likes newspapers with a literary feeling. We have gone as far as to use cross-headings, interviews, and have even assimilated the 'personal' paragraph; but we address ourselves to a public which we assume to be composed largely of men of the world and people of education. I am glad to say that, despite great opposition, we have more than maintained our position, and we have absolute confidence that there is a public which will continue to support us in our policy. The taste of the day is not perfect, by any means; still, I believe that good work comes to be recognised and rewarded even in journalism."

SHAKSPEARE UNDILUTED.

A PLAYHOUSE APPRECIATION.

It was probably natural—it was certainly unfortunate—that the dramatic critics should have seen so clearly the comicalities which undoubtedly marred, to some extent, the interesting experiment which the Shakspeare Reading Society made in producing “Measure for Measure” in a style somewhat approximating to the manner in which it was played in the reign of the good Queen Bess. The keenness of their appreciation of the ludicrousnesses of an amateur performance prevented their doing full justice to the interest and value of the experiment; while, on the other side, the amateurs, by a strict adherence to a “fad” regarding rapid delivery, did much to mar the result of their own excellent work. It may be true that the Elizabethan actors spoke with the lightning speed which the representatives of the Duke and Angelo attained in this revival; but we may be quite sure that they were “understood of the people,” which these gentlemen frequently were not. Either the Elizabethans’ tongues must have worked more easily or their ears must have been sharper than ours now, and, in any case, the Shakspeare Reading Society would do well to remember that, speed or no speed, intelligibility is absolutely essential to theatrical speaking.

Impressed by the criticisms which I had read, it was in a somewhat scoffing humour that I entered the Royalty Theatre on the occasion of the Shakspeare Society’s third performance; but, like the traditional persons who “came to scoff,” I remained to appreciate: and I venture to think that there may be some interest in recording the impression made on one to whom the question of stage conditions in various periods has been a special study.

As a comparatively small number of playgoers can have seen the production, let me tell exactly what I saw and how it struck me. On entering the theatre attention was at once claimed by the stage arrangements. The ordinary curtain had disappeared, and on the stage was built the “Actors’ House,” in which are supposed to be the dressing-rooms, &c. Projecting from this building was the “Heaven,” or half-roof, which, partially protected the stage. This was supported by two pillars, between which ran a “traverse” or curtain. In the wall of the “Actors’ House” were the doors through which the players made their entrances and exits, and over these was the balcony, which did duty for all heights supposed to be represented, while round the stage were “rooms,” as boxes were called in those days. The effect of the whole was decidedly pleasing, and closely realised the well-known drawing of the Swan Theatre by John de Witt, which is our principal authority for the appearance of the Elizabethan stage.

But the signal that the play is about to begin is given by the sounding of trumpets, and the audience begins to arrive—that is to say, the gallants who are to occupy stools upon the stage in approved Elizabethan fashion wander in with, it must be confessed, a somewhat shamefaced air. These gentlemen are, the programme informs us, members of the Shakspeare Reading Society, of the Elizabethan Society, and of the Sunday Shakspeare Society, which last-mentioned body suggests to the casual thinker the idea that a “Sunday Shakspeare” must be a severely Bowdlerised version. However this may be, the representatives of these philanthropic bodies are well-dressed Elizabethans, who wear their doublet and hose with a fair degree of comfort, and don’t fall over their own and their companions’ swords as much as might reasonably be expected. I understand that these gallants were not so much at ease on the first night of this revival, but, as that perversely happened to be Nov. 9, it is possible that they feared lest they should be mistaken for a portion of the Lord Mayor’s Show gone astray. After a slight pause these gentlemen light up, and the exciting spectacle is presented of sham Elizabethan gallants smoking real Elizabethan pipes, which are specially commended to our notice in the book of the play. “Several of these,” we are told, “are original ‘clays’ of Shakspeare’s time, the rest are careful reproductions.” To complete my observations of the public-spirited Shaksperians—Sunday and otherwise—who formed the stage audience, I may add that there was a good deal of human nature about them. They looked rather bored at the serious passages, and laughed uproariously at the somewhat sorry fooling, just for all the world as if they had paid their money at the door. By-the-way, I gather from their proceedings that the Elizabethans did not “go out to see a man” in the interval.

Having seen the audience comfortably settled on the stage, the “Prologue” enters. In this case he was two gentlemen, one of whom bore a placard with “Measure for Measure” upon it, and spoke faster than I ever heard anybody speak before. His utterance rather suggested the delivery of a Maxim gun. The prologue was written by Mr. Arthur Dillon, I understand, but, as I only identified an occasional word in the Maxim volleys, I have not the faintest notion what it was all about; it might have been a nursery rhyme or a passage from Shakspeare himself for aught that I could tell. Then the “traverse” was drawn, and the Duke proceeded to delegate his authority to Angelo, and we went right through the play with practically no “cuts,” and with only one interval. This was taken at the end of the third act, and lasted for ten minutes. There was no scenery, of course, and there was no further change of scene than was suggested by the drawing of the “traverse” occasionally, so that sometimes the action went on in the front of the stage, sometimes within the pillars of the “Heaven,” and occasionally in the balcony above. The play does not call for many “properties,” and all the appointments were of the simplest; so that we probably got as fair an idea as possible of the external conditions of a play in Shakspeare’s day.—R. W. LOWE.

THE LATE LAMENTED CHINESE GIANT.

Chang-yu-Sing, who has just died at Bournemouth, was truly a giant. Standing or sitting, you had not to look at him twice to know that. When he sat, his full-moon face, with its enormous cheek bones, gave the momentary impression that his flesh was of pasteboard and his habit Drury Lane pantomime. When he began unfolding himself you were terrified with wonder as to when he would stop; and when he stood at full height you might safely clap on your silken stovepipe and march erect under his outstretched arm. I do not know his exact height—for some reason it was deemed wise by those who “ran” him that the public should not be startled by the exact figures, and he used to say that he had never been measured; but a journalist, over 6 ft. in his stockings, stood under Chang’s arm, hat on head, without getting the nap of his headgear disturbed by the giant’s sleeves. His admeasurement of the Chinaman was 9 ft., which could not have erred by more than a few inches.

CHANG’S PROPORTIONS AND SANDOW’S.

In 1880, when Chang paid his second visit to London (his first was in 1865, when he was at the Egyptian Hall and the Crystal Palace), the giant was measured by Dr. Claude Taylor, who found that his dimensions corresponded very fairly with those of a well-made man. The doctor gave the following figures—

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
Circumference of head	2 1½	Length of thigh-bone	2 6
Length of upper arm bone	1 8	“ shin-bone	2 0
“ forearm bone	1 2½	“ foot	0 11½
Circumference of forearm	1 2½	Round the chest	4 0
“ biceps	1 1½	Across the shoulders	2 0
“ middle finger	0 3	Length of outstretched arms	8 1
Breadth of hand	0 5		

The giant’s weight at the time was nearly twenty-six stone. It may be interesting to compare some of these figures with Sandow’s—a very large man with a very strong man. Sandow’s height is 5 ft. 8½ in., and he weighs about thirteen stone. His measurements are said to be—

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
Circumference of chest	3 10	Circumference of thigh	2 3
“ waist	2 5	“ calf	1 5½
“ biceps	1 7½	Under axilla and over deltoid	1 5
“ forearm	1 7	“ shoulder	1 0

When an ordinary well-made man stands spread-eagle fashion, a measure taken from the centre of his body should describe a circle, the circumference touching the ends of the outstretched hands and feet.

GIANTS OF OTHER DAYS.

From my commonplace book I extract the following list of heights, so far as they have been guessed at or ascertained, of fabulous and authenticated giants who have preceded Chang—

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
Goliath, the Philistine	10 7	O’Brien, Irish Giant of last century	7 9
Eleezer, hostage sent to Tiberius	11 0	Leixlip Skeleton, described in <i>Leicester Journal</i> of August 1812	10 0
Gabbaras, mentioned by Pliny	10 0	Skeleton in Trinity College Museum, Dublin	8 6
Hercules	7 0	Frederick the Great’s Scotch Giant	8 3
Rouen Giant (1735)	8 0		
Grey, Earl of Warwick, Crusader	9 0		

There have been stories of the finding of giants’ skeletons in the Rhone that were 30 ft. high, and Plutarch tells us that when the grave of Antæus was opened they found therein a body sixty cubits long. These are what one would naturally call tall stories.

CHANG’S PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The deceased giant was, ordinarily, a very good sort of ogre, if we may apply that term to an intellectual, gentlemanly, well-behaved man, who only differed from other men in that Nature had made him a good deal longer. Chang could speak English, French, and German, and even Italian and a little Spanish, in addition to Chinese and Japanese. He could converse with well-bred ease on a great variety of subjects, with which his reading and his very extended travels had made him acquainted. He could play at chess and draughts, was fond of music, and could join in the programme of a steamship concert with a good Chinese song—in which his top notes were always considerably higher than other people’s top notes are. Had he not been a giant he would have been an ordinary Chinese gentleman in every way. His father was a large tea-grower, it is true, but the adjective applies to his business, and not to his physique. Chang’s five brothers and three sisters were of the ordinary size for Chinese. So was Chang himself in March 1847, when his mother introduced him to the hilly climate of Waang-Hue, near Peking. Even at six years old he was no bigger than other children are at that age. He began to emulate Mr. Weller’s friend by “swellin’ wisely” after he had recovered from a short illness. By the time he was twelve he was as tall as his father, and after that, although the children would not play with him, all the neighbours began to look up to him. When he was eighteen, feeling that he should like to see the world, and that he was better qualified for doing so than most other people not mounted on stilts, he set out on his travels, which extended all over the world. Chang ate, as a rule, but little more than any ordinary three-meal-a-day man. His preference in eating was for Chinese dishes; next to those he liked French cookery. In drinking he was extremely temperate. Tea was his customary beverage at meals, and claret and water. Coffee he took but seldom. He smoked many cigars, and knew a good one. Like some eminent actresses and other distinguished persons, he liked sleeping in his own bed. He carried it about with him; it was 9 ft. long—a veritable Bed of (China) Ware. I regret to say that his health had not been good for some years. He hoped for recovery at Bournemouth, but it was not to be.

x.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MY NEW HOSE.

BY H. DEVEY BROWNE.

Those who live in St. John's Wood, as I do, or in any similar suburb, will understand the difficulty of cultivating my garden. It is what some friendly people describe as *rus in urbe*. That means that it is a small, melancholy piece of ground, where three or four sooty sycamores, an aspen, a limp laburnum, and some scanty laurels overhang a grass-plot, the latter producing three blades of grass to the square yard under the trees, and thirty dandelions or daisies to the square foot in the other part. Of course, I do not need a gardener constantly, and when one comes for a whole day he has the greatest difficulty in pretending to be occupied, even for eight hours. At first I tried gardening myself, thinking that it would be a pleasant change after writing, but I soon found that digging only gave me a pain in my back, which weeding did little to relieve. So I left off, and, hiring a man to come once a week for all such tedious labour, I reduced my work to watering. For once I agreed with my wife that the garden should look well, as it is seen from the drawing-room, and that the only way to keep it green in long-continued dry weather is to water it constantly. If I had ventured to disagree with her at all, it would have been as to whether this necessary watering should be done by me. Unfortunately, my children were too young for such work, I could not expect it from my servants, and I was unwilling to squander any part of my slender profits, wrung from reluctant publishers, on hiring a man to save me from such excellent exercise.

However, weeks of dry weather made me dislike these exertions with the watering-pot. I noticed that a hose was used in the garden of my neighbour, a pretty actress, whom my wife always called "a brazen-faced thing," as though she were a door-knocker. I, therefore, proposed to my wife that we should also buy a hose.



"I am so sorry."

"I am sure, Maria," I said, "that it would be much better for the garden, and would save me from getting so horribly hot and tired every evening just before dinner. It only costs about a couple of pounds."

"Why throw away two pounds?" objected Maria. "You are just like all men. You cannot tolerate any discomfort. A hose would be spoilt by the children in a very short time. Besides, you would lose all the exercise you have now in carrying the cans about, and you know you ought to have more exercise than you do. I quite disagree with you."

That settled it, as it does most things. I struggled with the water cans for some weeks more, until at last I could stand the fatigue no longer, and bought a hose one day when Maria had gone to a Women's Suffrage meeting. The complete apparatus came to my house in the afternoon, and I seized the opportunity of trying how it worked.

A hose is an awkward sort of thing if one is not accustomed to it. I tried it first with the rose on, and a delicate spray came out. Feeling that if I worked with such a trifling Scotch mist as that I should have to give up literature and devote all the hours of the day to trying to get enough water on the grass, I unscrewed the rose, in doing which the water burst out all round and flew up my sleeve. The steady stream failed suddenly soon after, because the wretched hose had tied a knot in itself, and when I stooped down to uncoil this the water rushed out again before I expected it and filled my shoe. I was unwilling that Maria should find me in such difficulties, and I began to feel nervous and also very hot, except in those parts of me which were cooled by the evaporation of the water. I knew how unpleasantly ironical she could be when she liked, and she might come in at any moment. I tried to manage the hose with greater skill, and was getting on much more comfortably when some noise made me turn my head. I raised my arm involuntarily, and a slender jet of water flew straight over the wall into the garden of the actress. A shrill scream followed.

I flung away the hose, which, unhappily, fell in such a position as to shoot the water in at the open window of the drawing-room, where the



"You must not imagine that I am so old as I look."

greater part of the furniture was damaged and the carpet ruined completely, and rushed to the wall. There, like Keats, "I stood tiptoe on a little hill," and, peeping over, saw the most pathetic sight of beauty in distress. My neighbour—I may tell you in strict confidence that she was uncommonly pretty and graceful, quite different to Maria—was reclining on a deck chair under the shade of a tree. At least, that is what she had evidently been doing just before. When I looked she was sitting erect, and holding up the wet end of her dress.

"I beg your pardon," I cried—alas! how feeble were the words!—"I am so sorry. What a clumsy fool I am!"

"Rather," she said, looking up; "you've made my petticoats quite wet. It's enough to rile anybody." But she did not seem so very angry—in fact, she smiled. She looked charming in a dainty, thin dress, and the sunlight, flickering through the leaves, gleamed upon the coils of her auburn hair. Maria wears "Divided Skirts," and her hair is cut short, like that of the other leaguers for Women's Suffrage. Most of the things that Maria does or wears begin with capital letters, and form the name or the watchword of some fearful association.

"I really do not know what to do," I said. "How can I make amends for my idiotic carelessness?"

"You'd better get over and wipe my frock," she answered, "if you're so eager for some penance."

"I should be——" I was going to say "delighted," but I thought of Maria, and I paused.

"Well?" she said, showing her pretty white teeth as she smiled. Maria has fangs, over which she cannot shut her lips.

"I—that is—you know—in fact—I don't quite see how I can get over the wall."

"Oh, please don't trouble. You might hurt yourself, you know, at your age."

That was more than any man of five-and-forty could possibly endure. I was good at climbing when I left school, but I had had no practice for twenty-seven years. It is not so easy a thing to get up a smooth, straight wall, even with a little mound to help one, and I rasped my knuckles, my knees, and even my nose, and tore down the creepers and several branches of the laburnum before I could drag myself on to the top. Next time I want to climb a wall—not that particular one, by Jove, no!—I shall do it privately, and not have a pretty woman laughing at me all the time. Also, I shall select a wall which does not rise six feet sheer in the air, without a projection of any sort on the side where I have to get down. It looks so bad to land at full length, and to have to pick up one's self and one's hat, and some shillings and a penknife which have rolled out of one's pocket, before one can assume a dignified, or, at least, an erect attitude.

"You've been a long time coming," she said, still laughing, "but you're here at last. Hope you're not hurt?"

"Hurt?" I asked; "why should I be? Oh, you mean because I slipped. Yes, something caught my coat, you know, just as I jumped, and of course——"

"Oh, of course! You looked a bit upset. I say, I hope your wife won't mind."

She said this, I am sure, because she saw me glancing furtively up at the windows of my own house.

"I am not afraid of my wife," I said boldly, looking quickly in the opposite direction. "Besides, I am sure she would say I ought to do all I could to show my regret."

"Well," said the actress, "if you're going to wipe my frock, you'd better look sharp. It's nearly dry by this time."

"There's no hurry now I am here," I said, looking at her thoughtfully. I was thinking that forty-five is not such a very advanced age. Why, the newspapers sometimes call a man who dies at sixty "comparatively young." Goodness knows to whom they compare him. Certainly not to a man of forty-five, for then he would be comparatively old. However, domestic retirement ages a man terribly. He ought to mix with the world. I wished just then that I had done so. She really was unusually pretty, and she had the sweetest voice imaginable. Oh! how different to that harsh, querulous one which I hear so often, more now than ever before.

"You must not imagine that I am so old as I look," I remarked. "You know what Byron says, 'My hair is grey, but not with years.'"

"Is that in 'Our Boys'?" she asked. "I don't remember it."

"No," I said; "it's in 'The Prisoner of Chillon.' I never heard of any poem by Byron called 'Our Boys.'"

"Never heard of 'Our Boys'! Don't you ever go to the theatre?"

"Oh, yes. I go sometimes with my wife and see Ibsen's plays."

"Is that all?"

"Well, she makes me subscribe to the Independent Theatre, but even I can't stand most of their gloomy horrors. Ibsen is quite enough for me."

"Don't you ever go to anything jolly?"

"I did formerly," I answered with a sigh, "but not now."

"Ah, of course, your wife. Awful hard lines, poor man. I thought it always seemed very quiet at your side of the wall. You never have any larks over there, do you?"

"Not like you do," I answered, smiling. "We hear you sometimes——"

"We do make a jolly row sometimes. What's your wife say then?"

What my wife usually did say was, "There's that odious creature giggling again with her disreputable friends," but the rack itself could not have dragged these words from me.

"Oh, I don't know," I said; "nothing particular. But I think how cheerful you all seem."

"Wish you were here, too, don't you? Well, you'd better come over the wall again some time, now you've found your way—only mind you don't fall. I'll have the steps out for you. If ever you'd like to see me dance at the theatre I'll get you a ticket."

"Then you quite forgive me for my clumsiness? You are kind."

"Oh, the shower bath? I'd forgotten that. My gown must be dry now. No, it's not. Look alive and wipe it at once."

I took out my handkerchief, and, stooping down, tried to reach the hem of her dress on the grass. I failed. Sedentary work has made my limbs very stiff.

"You'll never do it that way," she said, laughing, "you'll break your back. How clumsy men are! You must go down on your knees." She lifted her foot a little to raise her dress.

After hesitating for a moment, I knelt down. What tiny feet she had! Maria's are enormous, and come down heavily in large, flat, hygienic boots. I supported her toe with one hand, wiping the dress with the other, and, seeing a few drops of water on her shoe—an absurdly small thing from Paris—I dabbed that also with great care, looking up at her pretty, smiling face. I felt at least ten years younger. Then, just as the fascination of her beauty had swept from my mind the last faint thoughts of Maria, my new friend stretched out her hand, presumably to help me to get up. I took it in mine, and pressed it to my lips.

"George!" cried a harsh, angry voice at that moment, "you wretch, you abandoned reprobate!"

I looked round and saw, just above the wall where I had climbed over, the indignant face of my wife.

A few weeks hence we move to Bognor.



I looked round and saw, just above the wall where I had climbed over, the indignant face of my wife.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.

GENTLEWOMEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



LOUISE DE QUEROUAILLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.—SIR PETER LE LY.



MRS. COXE.—JOHN OPIE, R.A.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—SIR W. BEECHEY.



LADY E. NOEL.—SIR PETER LE LY.

ART NOTES.

At the Dutch Gallery, in Brook Street, Mr. Arthur Tomson is exhibiting a really charming collection of pictures, partly landscape and partly, but chiefly, cats. Of the first we should be inclined to select one, "Sirius,"

to it, capable only, as it is, of gathering from the objective world single momentary sensations. But the exhibition is chiefly, as we have already observed, cats, and to this subject it is evident that Mr. Tomson has brought a long observation and a most interested study. His cats are genuine and feline cats. They are, in every respect, cat-like. They do not simulate, as do so many painted cats, the passions and attitudes of children. And Mr. Tomson always treats his subjects to artistic surroundings. Of this one is persuaded alone by the colour and composition of "Asters," where the dim atmospheric lights mingle with the delicate colour of the flowers.

"The Toilet" and "In the Boudoir"—titles which suggest, as titles should, their own particular subject—are painted with admirable skill and insight. "Ibsen," which, we gather, is the name of some highly favoured cat, is an exceedingly attractive composition, and "Fantasy," the canvas which concludes the series, is a charming study of movement and pause. We are quite sure that Mr. Tomson knows a great deal more about cats than we do; but if we chose to be hypercritical we should say that there are, perhaps, two or three canvases which represent the action of the cat in so unusual a condition that, despite its undoubted truth, the effect is not very convincing. In all specialism there is a tendency to romance for the benefit of the uninitiated.

Literary criticism is not the province of these notes, and we have no desire to forestall any judgment to be passed upon the poems of Mr. Francis Thompson, which have just been issued. However, it is safe to say that those poems are of a highly exceptional nature, and, therefore, one is fain to protest against the ridiculous frontispiece which has been provided by way of preface to a highly elaborate edition.



Photo by W. Brigham, Scarborough.

THE CHILDREN OF MR. GEORGE HONEY: SAYING GRACE.

which is not only excellent in composition, but is also painted with an artistic sense of colour and a feeling for paint and the handling of paint which are quite engrossing. Many another canvas of landscape has this charming quality, for Mr. Tomson has luckily learned the lesson that abundant detail is, in a general effect, displeasing to the eye as unnatural

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WEIR, FROM ROMNEY ISLAND.—MAX LUDBY, R.I.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



A CORNER AT SONNING.—MAX LUDBY, R.I.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



Photo by W. Brigham, Scarborough.

THE CHILDREN OF MR. GEORGE HONEY: READY TO BEGIN.

The drawing is by way of being mystical and allegorical, and the rest of it; but with its absurdly solemn figures standing by an open window, apparently flanked with a playing card, and its crowded composition, the effect has the unfortunate result of prejudicing one against the poems that are to follow.

An extremely interesting exhibition of Old Masters is now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries in Bond Street, from which we publish some reproductions this week. A lovely Sir Joshua, for example, "Miss Morris," is among this delightful collection. It is painted with all his mingled delicacy and strength; the hair, particularly, brushed upwards from the forehead, is rendered with all his admirable skill and attention to relations. Nevertheless, despite its beauty, one turns with quite a feeling of pleasure to so different an example of art as Opie's "Mrs. Cox." The treatment is, of course, not nearly so masterly or distinguished or stately, but the composition has, undoubtedly, a charming frankness about it, an open-eyed kind of engaging candour, which is quite engrossing.

One of the most interesting portraits, so far as historical value is concerned, among the pictures which we reproduce from Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries is the excellent portrait of Louise de la Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth. It tends to correct one's impressions of the kind of beauty that was celebrated in song and narrative two centuries ago. Certainly one does not feel in these days of Burne-Jones and Ford Madox Brown that the old style would be likely to secure any great popularity; yet, the Duchess had a rotund and luxurious beauty of her own which is not without its charm of contrast, even to our faded eyes.

Other examples in these galleries will no less prove interesting to all who have the interests of pictorial art at heart. Such are Lely's "Lady E. Noel," and Witherington's "Loading the Market Cart." The last has, it is true, some anecdotic interest, but the narrative, such as it is, is made the opportunity of an extremely sensitive piece of composition, with an admirable attention to sunlight and shadow.

It is a great pity that the English sense of beauty in art does not persuade us to the composition of beautiful effects in our public demonstrations. One would suppose that the occasion of a Lord Mayor's Show, for example, would give an opportunity to the organisers of the procession of some public artistic display. Other towns have done so before. Venice has been famous for such an accomplishment. But we, who boast of an almost unequalled collection of artistic objects in our collections at our British Museum and our National Gallery, can manage to turn out no more than the

tawdriest arrangement in tinsel and dowdiness, that does not even please our children, and makes our public demonstrations a general laughing-stock even among those who flock to see it.

The little girl and boy sitting at breakfast in the accompanying illustrations are the children of Mr. George Honey, the actor. The little lady, it may be noted, is four and a-half years old, and the boy is just a year her junior.

The chief feature of interest in the November number of the *Butterfly* (Walter Haddon), beyond the artistic pages which fill this bright little periodical, is a touching story, entitled "One Life," by Arnold Golsworthy. L. Raven-Hill's fancy is as fertile and facile as ever in the various humorous sketches he contributes. A lovely face, drawn by A. Birkenruth, prefaces a poem, and Maurice Greiffenhagen is responsible for a clever frontispiece.

It is good news to hear from "M. H. S." that Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., was fortunate enough to secure sittings from the late Sir Andrew Clark, and has finished a fine portrait of the famous physician. This, together with one of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Watts generously intends to present to the nation.



COUNTING THE EGGS.—THOMAS MANLEY.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.

SOME CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Thick as snowflakes in the depth of winter time descend upon us the various Christmas numbers of every magazine. Novelty is hardly necessary, apparently, to make them successful; given bright pictures drawn by clever artists—probably when the year was young—given, also, interesting and amusing stories, written by our most popular scribes, and given, above all, some brilliant lithograph—if possible, in the plural—and there will be a ready sale for them the wide world over. Each has its own special attraction and excellence, and each will have its admirers.

"LADY'S PICTORIAL."

It is an achievement, in these days of almost universal cultivation or affectation, to produce a Christmas number as genial and kindly in tone as were those humorous and tender fancies with which Charles Dickens first delighted the world and "discovered Christmas" fifty years ago, and which, at the same time, is irreproachably up to date in the quality and manner of its art. Both these conditions are fulfilled in the admirable Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, of which the principal feature is a complete story, called "The Christmas Hirelings," by Miss Braddon, illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend with most excellent humour and sympathy. The rollicking extravagance of "Phiz" has given place to-day to a more artistic restraint in illustration, but Mr. Townsend has fully caught the spirit of the story. Of the story itself, it may fairly be said that the mantle of Dickens has fallen upon the shoulders of Miss Braddon, for an exquisite spirit of humanity, of tenderness towards all the weak or suffering, is strikingly contrasted with smart studies of the whims and idiosyncrasies of queer children and "grown-ups," the children especially being drawn with a loving touch. It should be added that the editor of the *Lady's Pictorial* includes in the number half-a-dozen capital full-page illustrations by first-rate artists, Mr. F. H. Townsend showing great versatility and humour in "A Tenants' Ball in Town," in which the dire results of Lady Cashy's seasonable benevolence are inimitably portrayed. Mr. J. F. Sullivan wittily pictures in two very clever pages "The Development of Woman," until she is a giantess, and man, of course, a pigmy. Mr. Cecil Aldin contributes a very clever "doggy" page under the title "The Lost Dog's Christmas Dream." Mr. E. A. Mason sends a comical "Surrendering of Mrs. Prodgers," and Mr. Fred Pegram an extremely clever page, called "A Water-Colour Sketch: The Artist's Revenge," full of humour and excellently drawn. A refined and beautifully executed coloured plate, "Cosy," after a painting by Mr. Burton Barber, is presented with the number, and it is safe to predict that the only difficulty in the case of so notable a Christmas number as that of the *Lady's Pictorial* for 1893 will be to keep pace with the public demand.

"ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS."

"Holly Leaves" is the title of the Christmas number of this paper, with which are presented two coloured plates, one of which, by Mr. J. W. Godward, is a splendid specimen of such work. The literary contents are very varied and interesting. Mr. Walter Herries Pollock throws aside his solemn *Saturday Review* style and contributes a story under the title of "The Doctor's Inheritance." That indefatigable traveller, the Earl of Donoughmore, gives some of his Indian experiences, and F. C. Philips tells us about "Miss Ormerod's Protégée." On every other page or so there are artistic pictures, mostly of a humorous character, and purchasers of the number cannot justly complain that they have not obtained more than their money's worth. Of all the covers of Christmas numbers, not one that I have seen has such a glow of warmth as "Holly Leaves."

"GRAPHIC."

The frivolous fancies of Mr. Phil May make this number extremely noteworthy. To not a few, I suspect, this artist's effects will come as a surprise, rendered, as they are, in colour; and not in black-and-white. Mr. May is also responsible for the most humorous wrapper. The stories include "John and Joan," by S. Baring-Gould; "The Vengeance of Dungarvan"—which I may add, for the benefit of politicians, has no reference to the Right Hon. Henry Matthews—by E. Lester Arnold; the *pièce de résistance*, a new story by Bret Harte, in his most characteristic fashion, as well as short contributions by Morley Roberts, Paul Cushing, and Eden Phillpotts. The three presentation pictures cannot fail to popularise a very good number, which has the advantage of illustrations by W. Ralston, Charles Green, Miss M. I. Dicksee, W. Hatherell, A. S. Boyd, Miss Robinson, William Small, and Reginald Cleaver.

"BLACK AND WHITE."

This number quite suggests the *Paris Figaro*, with its dainty wrapper, designed by René Bull, whose characteristic light touch is also visible within the cover. The literary contents include, among its excellent features, a mystical story by E. Nesbit; "The Undying Thing," by Barry Pain, admirably illustrated by S. Begg; and "Loup-Garou," by Eden Phillpotts, to which J. Gulich has given some exceptionally fine sketches. There is a comic page by L. Raven-Hill, a double-page, entitled "The Christmas Pudding," by G. G. Manton, and clever sketches of dogs by A. Fairfax-Muckley. The printing is

as good as the engravings—which is saying much—and the presentation plate, "Reflections," shows at his best that versatile artist, G. Hillyard Swinstead. It is curious, however, to note the use to which the little girl is putting a Christmas number—differing entirely in design from the one before me. I am quite sure no one will treat so ignobly the beautiful magazine just issued by *Black and White*, which is decidedly worthy of presentation and preservation.



"I shouldn't like my mother to be as fat as yours, or as red."

FROM "THE CHRISTMAS HIRELINGS."



A PLEASANT INTERRUPTION.

MR. EDWIN J. LONNEN "OFF DUTY."

The fifteenth change of dress which O'Hoolegan, private detective to Silas Block, makes every night at the Lyric Theatre is into the private clothes of E. J. Lonnen—"a jolly sort of chap, a favourite everywhere." Thus attired, I discovered him (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), sitting in a lounge chair and smoking a well-earned cigarette, in his dressing-room—quite a *bureau de change*, indeed, with the numerous suits of the evening hanging from as many pegs, together with the black baby that is brought on in the favourite "Nummy, num, num" song.

"Pretty well fagged out, I expect?" was my first remark after I had come to an anchor.

"Oh, no; not particularly. My part isn't such terribly hard work as you may fancy. It's the constant change of dress which, I think, gives you that impression."

"But the droll dancing?"

"Not more fatiguing and heating than the dancing that one voluntarily goes in for at a private ball, where men think nothing of waltzing



MR. E. J. LONNEN.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

for ten minutes at a stretch, while my dances don't last more than four minutes."

"And did you invent your own dances in 'Little Christopher Columbus'?"

"Certainly not. They came out of John D'Auban's inventive head. He possesses an inexhaustible stock of originality, while he is sufficiently open-minded to listen to suggestions. In my opinion, a dancing-master is as necessary as a stage-manager."

"Tell me, do you have your dresses made with special strings and fastenings, so as to effect rapid changes?"

"No; they're made in the usual way. It's practice that makes me pretty smart; besides, I had similarly quick changes when I played in the burlesque of 'Joan of Arc' in Australia. By-the-way, too, this is not my first policeman's part—I am credited with having scowled fairly well as Girafo in 'La Béarnaise' at the Prince of Wales's."

"And you're glad to come home again after your long trip to the colonies, I suppose?"

"Well, of course, considering I left my family in England; I only went for a tour of twenty weeks, and I stayed fifteen months. Besides, one would drop out of knowledge altogether by too long an absence. However, I cannot speak too enthusiastically of the hospitality and general kindness we received. The audiences everywhere were immense, and the productions quite equal to London mounting, while the chief theatres in Sydney and Melbourne can rival our best home theatres in size and decoration. I was nearly devoured by a shark at Brisbane, when bathing in the bay. As it was, I was scratched by his fin. You should have seen me swim! I might have been a champion swimmer at the rate I went. Otherwise, I enjoyed myself immensely."

"Though you look so young, you've been some time in the profession, have you not?"

"I was born in the profession. I commenced acting at fifteen, and now I'm thirty-two. My first experience on the boards was about the time when my father, having met with reverses in management, took an engagement to play in a booth at Sidmouth. You know the sort of thing I mean—the proscenium a roughly rigged-up affair, and the curtain running on a horizontal wire."

"But perhaps you would prefer my omitting this part of your career?"

"Not at all; I am not a bit ashamed of it. The best actors, even Edmund Kean, had similar experiences: It's the best school in the world for an actor. When we were playing at Sidmouth our stalls generally came in evening dress. They got honest acting, too, I can tell you. We never tolerated 'ponging'—every one of us was letter-perfect. I admit it was hard work, what with learning up our parts—I have played seven parts many times in 'King Lear'—and helping to rig up our booth. There, hanging up on that nail, are similar corduroys—the real article—to those I wore when, with pickaxe in hand, I assisted in setting up our 'pitch.' In Barnstaple we gave as many as twelve shows a day, and danced twelve quadrilles in between on the parade. One day we collected as much as £1 19s., and didn't we just think ourselves millionaires!"

"And when did you give up that business?"

"Well, when my father got an engagement under Barry Sullivan at Liverpool. Subsequently I played in pantomime at Leeds and in Dundee, and afterwards in a burlesque company in Shoreham Gardens, toured with Edward Terry, and returned to pantomime, subsequently appearing in 'Flint and Steel' and 'Bluebeard and Son,' at Exeter, and I distinguished myself a little as Sammy, the page-boy, in 'Beauty and the Beast,' at Liverpool."

"But in what did you first appear in comic opera?"

"Oh, with Frank Emery. I played Arthur Roberts's parts in 'La Vie,' also as Tancred in 'Falka' at the Avenue, and, as I previously remarked, I made a hit, I believe, as Girafo in 'La Béarnaise' at the Prince of Wales's."

"I remember your Gaiety successes in 'Monte Cristo' and in 'Esmeralda,' especially your celebrated 'Killaloe' song."

"Yes, I daresay you do. That song was a huge success, and put me into the leading position of the Monk in 'Notre Dame.' Then there followed 'Frankenstein,' 'Faust up to Date,' 'Carmen,' 'Joan of Arc,' and 'Cinder-Ellen.'"

"I suppose your Mephistopheles in 'Faust' and the Bogie Man in 'Carmen' are the best remembered of your impersonations?"

"Yes, probably. I rather fancied myself as Claude Frolo in 'Miss Esmeralda,' and the Press spoke very kindly of me in that part."

"And what do you say to the actor-manager rôle?"

"Don't like it, I confess. The actor-manager is too apt to wish to bring his own personality to the front—quite a mistake, in my opinion."

By this time Mr. Lonnen had got through his second cigarette, so I forbore to question him further.



Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

AS CLAUDE FROLLO IN "MISS ESMERALDA."



Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

SINGING "AVE A GLASS" IN
"FAUST UP TO DATE."



MR. LONNEN AS DON JOSÉ IN "CARMEN UP TO DATA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

A STUDENT OF THE STARS.

HALF AN HOUR WITH MISS ALICE EVERETT, M.A.

While we have many women doctors, lawyers, and journalists, the woman astronomer is still almost as rare as the clergywoman. It was with interest, therefore (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), that I sought an interview with Miss Alice Everett, M.A., who does excellent work at Greenwich Observatory. The Ladies' University Club, 31, New Bond Street, was our rendezvous, and there I found Miss Everett—a slight, blonde girl, with a very low voice and gentle manners, awaiting me. Though, thanks to her Belfast education, Miss Everett is often claimed as an Irishwoman, she comes of a good old Suffolk family. The Everetts have lived at Rushmere, near Ipswich, for generations, and her uncle, Mr. R. Lacey Everett, is Member for the Woodbridge Division of the county. As her mother is a native of Edinburgh, and Miss Everett herself was born in Glasgow, where her father, Professor Everett, was living at the time as assistant to Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, she seems to have a pretty equal claim on the three kingdoms. Professor Everett at present holds the chair of Natural Philosophy at Queen's College, Belfast. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and author of some well-known scientific works.

"How did you acquire the unusual position you hold?" was my first question.

"That is a long story," said Miss Everett, smiling. "The question of employing women at the Royal Observatory arose when the new photographic section was started, and Mrs. Huggins, who, like her distinguished husband, has earned a world-wide reputation as an astronomer, interested herself, I believe, in the matter. The first I heard of it was when the Observatory authorities wrote to ask if I would come."

"And you came?"

"Of course; I had always desired such practical work, but scarcely knew how to set about obtaining it. I tried High School teaching for a term as a stop-gap, though not desiring to be drawn into the universal drift towards teaching. Perhaps, I may mention that for a year after leaving school I gave my attention to art studies, and have never regretted it. At one time I hesitated between Girton and the studios. My mother has much artistic power, and I had some taste in the same direction."

"Are there any ladies at the Observatory besides yourself?"

"Oh, yes. There used to be four, but now we are only two—Miss Russell, an Irishwoman from Strabane, and a fellow-student of mine at Girton, being the other."

"What are your hours?"

"From nine to one each day, and three afternoons a week. Two nights a week I devote to observing, and have sole charge of the instrument when on duty."

"Are you up all night when observing?"

"By no means; until a little after midnight, as a rule, but there are exceptions. We begin soon after sundown, and generally work for four or five hours, certain persons being attached to each instrument, and taking it in turns to observe."

"Are you hard at work all the time?"

"No; that would be impossible, especially in this uncertain climate, where clouds often prevent our seeing anything, or drift across the line at a critical moment; these are our greatest drawbacks. At the Cape, now, their night work is almost as regular as their day work, and they can generally forecast the weather with certainty twelve hours in advance."

"What are you doing just now?"

"Working on the International Photographic Survey of the Heavens, for which two series of plates are being taken"

"Do these require a long exposure?"

"Forty minutes for the first series, three short exposures on the same plate for the second series."

"Observing is, then, the part of the work you like best?" said I.

"Oh, yes," responded Miss Everett with enthusiasm. "You feel

that you really are an astronomer then, doing practical business. Besides, there is a certain charm about having the handling of a fine and powerful instrument. I scarcely know why it is, but I find the hours fly when I am observing, though the old hands say it grows very monotonous in the course of years. In winter, though the roof is partly open and the dome kept at the temperature of the outer air, we are too actively employed to feel the cold much, unless it be windy. In summer, though, perhaps, the irregular hours may prove trying in time, the quiet, fresh night is much pleasanter than the hot and dusty London day. Towards dawn it is quite interesting to observe what a difference the dim light makes in the aspect of the earth."

"Then you do not live in the Observatory, nor sleep there when there is night work to be done?"

"No; I live just beyond the gates. These are shut every evening, and all strangers excluded, so that the place is very quiet. The Astronomer Royal makes it a rule that two ladies must always be on duty the same night, that they may leave together."

"Are you not nervous all alone in the park?"

"Oh, dear, no. If I were nervous I should be more frightened outside, for Greenwich is sometimes very rough. You should see it on Bank Holidays."

"Your male colleagues—do they resent the encroachment of women on their domain?"

"Oh, I think not; they are all pleasant to us, and from some of the assistants we have received the greatest kindness."

"You are Secretary of the British Astronomical Association?"

"I am one of the secretaries; Mr. Duke is the other. Nothing could be more generous and considerate than the spirit which that Association has shown towards women. Please be sure to say in your paper how grateful we are for the help and encouragement its officers and council have given us."

"By-the-way," was my next question, "should you be described as an Assistant Astronomer?"

"No; the awkward technical title 'Assistant' is applied to those gentlemen who hold permanent posts at the Observatory under the Astronomer Royal. They are appointed partly by competitive Civil Service examinations, and are generally University men of good standing. Under them work boy computers. It is doubtful whether women are eligible for the examination, and candidates must be nominated by the Astronomer Royal, who refused to take the responsibility when we applied. Of course, we were new and untried. Things must, I suppose, develop by degrees. We hold a rather nondescript position at present."

"I hope you do not believe in all work and no play, Miss Everett."

"I should think not. Tennis and golf are among my favourite pursuits, and I probably owe my wiry health to a liking for exercise and fresh air. At home, when we generally spent the summer at some wild spot on the beautiful though stormy coast of Antrim, I used to enjoy the rough-and-tumble boating in fishermen's sturdy tubs, in which we all revelled."

Miss Everett has had a brilliant college career. Educated, as noted, in Belfast, first at Miss Hardy's preparatory school, then at the Victoria College and Methodist College, and lastly at Queen's College, where she specialised in mathematics, she won distinctions as a mere child in the intermediate and other examinations. At the Royal University of Ireland she practically carried all before her. At the Girton College entrance and scholarship examination she took second place, and a scholarship of £42 a year for three years; won a first class at the Clare, Gonville, and Caius, Trinity Hall and King's Mathematical "Mays" in 1887, and was eighteenth Senior Optime at the Mathematical Tripos in 1889. In April 1891 she read an interesting paper on "The New Star in Auriga" at a meeting of the British Astronomical Association, and she has contributed occasionally to the Journal of that society. There is nothing of the "bluestocking" about her. She is a modest, pleasant, companionable girl, unwilling to speak of her own achievements, fond of fun, and gifted with a sense of humour.



Photo by Morgan and Kidd, Greenwich.

MISS ALICE EVERETT, M.A.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"I say, Major, Mamma says I'm not to ask you any more to our house."
"Oh! then, I shall have to ask myself."



"OSSEY."



THE MOON.

NEW MOON, FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, AND FULL MOON.



"MY
SWEETHEARTS."

N^o 4



SCENE: *An Artist's Studio. Two men are talking. A lady, coming out of an inner room, stops on hearing voices. A screen covers the door, and hides her from view.*

Mr. Anthony Grey. Mr. Charles Maine. Miss Betty Hayward.

MAINE (*facing Miss Hayward's portrait*). This is very good, Grey; a little wanting in tone, perhaps, but it will do. I like the Gainsborough background, and the dress is charmingly picturesque. Where on earth did you get that immense hat?

GREY. It was one Miss Hayward brought from Paris. But you were talking of the expression.

MAINE. Yes; it's very good. I always think the difficulty in portrait-painting is to get any animation into the face. As a rule, people look as if they were at the dentist's.

GREY. I know. But I get over that difficulty pretty easily with my lady sitters. I always make love to them.

MAINE. Isn't that sometimes a little awkward when the picture is done?

GREY. Not at all. I never go far enough for that, and in nine cases out of ten I don't see the ladies again.

MAINE. Well, this Miss Hayward—

GREY. At first I was in a rapturous condition; I gazed at her face, and forgot to mix my colours. That was when I studied the general effect, and discovered which pose best suited her. Now I talk of the interests she has in life, the talents I insist she has neglected, the artistic nature that is hidden and wasted behind her society smiles.

MAINE. But does she come alone?

GREY. She didn't at first, and doesn't really now. Mrs. Hayward was so bored—I only gazed, and didn't converse at the beginning, you will recollect—that now she sends Miss Betty in the care of a French maid. I supply Mademoiselle with a French novel, and tell her she can sit in the next room, and with the sharpness common to her bewitching countrywomen she comprehends, and leaves us alone.

MAINE. You are pretty cool. Suppose the girl should grow to care for you?

GREY. Impossible! she's a delightful little flirt.

MAINE. But the worst flirt in the world may have a heart somewhere.

GREY. My dear Maine, we are all born egotists. I make love to Miss Betty because I want the money her excellent father will give me for this picture. You pretend to be horrified because you are a man of theories, and one of them is that every woman has a heart, or an article

resembling it, tucked away somewhere. Mademoiselle, the maid, prefers a naughty French romance to listening to the nonsense I talk to her mistress.

MAINE. And Miss Hayward?

GREY. She comes, and she flirts *pour passer le temps*.

MAINE. Well, I'm off. Have you seen Smith's Academy picture?

GREY. No, and I don't want to. I expect if the Academy sees it the public will have a fit. Ta-ta, old boy! Look in whenever you can.

MAINE. All right, I will. Good-bye.

[*He goes. There is a tap on the screen.*]

BETTY. May I come in, Mr. Grey?

GREY. Of course, Miss Betty. I had no idea you had arrived.

BETTY. It's raining, you know, so I couldn't come in in this hat, and I put my cloak in the other room. Shall I call Antoinette?

GREY. Pray don't. We—er—are so much more comfortable without her.

BETTY. Are you? I'm not. I like her to arrange the folds of my dress.

GREY. I can do that. I really can't paint if you keep that fidgety Frenchwoman in the room.

BETTY. Really! I had no idea you were so nervous.

GREY. All real artists are.

BETTY. Yes; but, you see, I didn't know—

GREY. Oh, come, Miss Betty, that's rather cruel. Sit as you are, that is charming. Have you—excuse me—been crying?

BETTY. No—I mean yes. The truth is—I can confide in you—a man I like very much has gone to India.

GREY. Indeed!

BETTY. And no one else dances so well. I am inconsolable.

GREY. You look charming when you are inconsolable; but I wish the gentleman who inspires such emotion had been myself. You have such a sensitive artist's nature.

BETTY. No, I think not; it's rather prosaic. Now, the man who has gone to India is a brewer. That's not a romantic occupation, and it robs the situation of everything artistic. Art is—

[*She hesitates, and he fancies her lip trembles.*]

GREY (*earnestly*). I am sure you are really in trouble, dear Miss Betty. If you would only believe how truly I am your friend—

BETTY. I do. But you never knew Spot.

GREY. Spot?
 BETTY. My bull puppy. It's dead.
 GREY. Oh, dear. Would you smile a little? I never saw you look so sad. I'm trying to work at your mouth, and I want to get the nose a little more—
 BETTY. His nose was angelic. Don't you think distemper is a wicked thing, Mr. Grey?
 GREY. Your lips are usually more rose-coloured; to-day they are quite pale.
 BETTY. Say I'm a fright at once, and then I sha'n't love you any more.
 GREY. You could never be that—and so you love me?

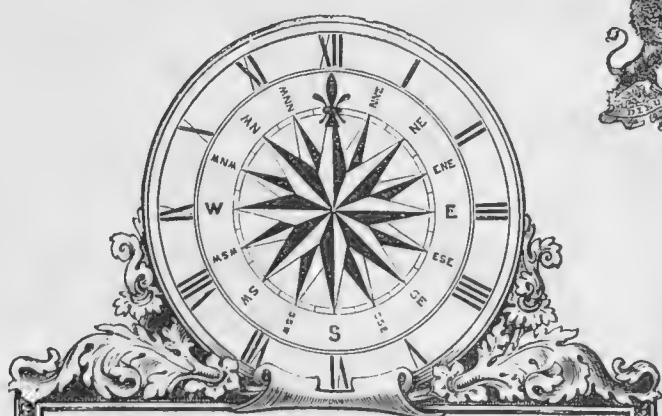
GREY. Why not? Miss Betty you look charming; keep still. This is splendid. Why not?
 BETTY. Oh, because I never met you anywhere before.
 GREY. I wish I thought that you cared to see me again.
 BETTY. Why?
 GREY. Because I intend to see you—I mean if you like me a little—Betty.
 BETTY (*rising*). Isn't the portrait done?
 GREY (*piqued*). You haven't answered.
 BETTY. I must go.
 GREY (*going towards her*). Tell me you do care just a little.



Two men are talking. A lady, coming out of an inner room, stops on hearing voices.

BETTY. A little.
 GREY. As much as the brewer?
 BETTY. More.
 GREY. And Spot?
 BETTY. Next to Spot; but he's dead, so he doesn't count.
 GREY. Would you mind if I went to India?
 BETTY. Of course you are joking.
 GREY (*laying down his palette*). I was never more serious in all my life.
 BETTY. Then you like me a little, in spite of the fact that my nose is all wrong and my lips too pale.
 GREY (*injured*). I like you a great deal. [*Paints very fast.*]
 BETTY. The picture is done?
 GREY. Nearly.
 BETTY. I shall be awfully sorry—at least, I mean, I don't suppose I shall ever see you again.

BETTY (*laughing*). Why, how foolish you are! You did not take me seriously for a moment, did you?
 GREY. I thought you were a good, kind-hearted girl, and would not pretend or play at anything you did not feel.
 BETTY. Then you made a mistake. I thought these sittings would bore me; but I had to obey papa and come, so I talked and let you talk a lot of nonsense. You know it was nonsense, Mr. Grey, and now let me get my cloak. You need not come to the door. The carriage is sure to be there, and Antoinette will look after me. Good-bye.
 GREY. You surely can't mean to go like this, after—
 BETTY. After having amused myself, just as you have been amusing yourself. Of course I can. Good-bye, Mr. Grey. I did it *pour passer le temps*—merely *pour passer le temps*. Good-bye.
 [*She waves her hand and goes, while the artist stands horrified; but there are tears in the woman's eyes all the same.*]



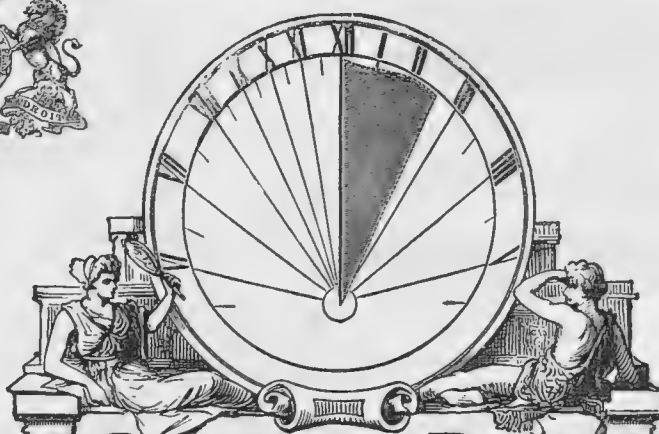
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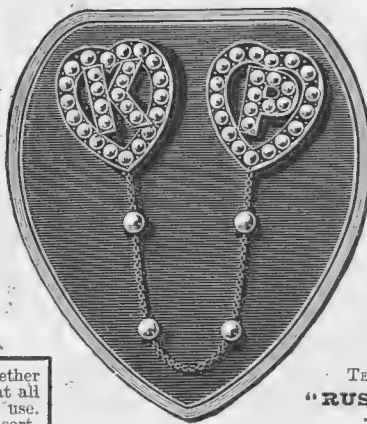
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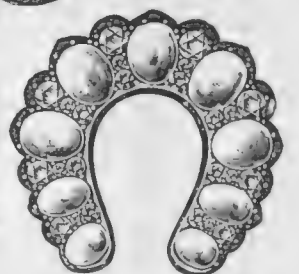


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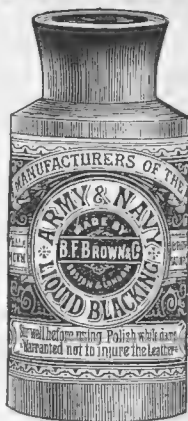
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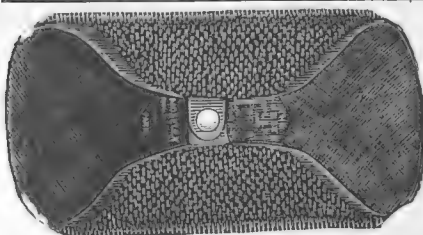
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I am sorry to have from Samoa somewhat alarming accounts of Mr. Stevenson's health. He went to Honolulu to escape an epidemic of measles, and was unfortunately struck down with illness there. The later accounts, it is hoped, will be more favourable.

Mr. Jerome's new paper, *To-Day*, and Mr. Stead's specimen number of the *Daily Paper* show that two of the ablest journalists of our time are of opinion that, provided the matter is good, readers care nothing for the paper and print in which it is conveyed to them. I am of a different opinion, and perhaps it is as well that the issue should be submitted so definitely and unmistakably to the judgment of the public.

I hear that there is a good demand for the new illustrated books, a special favourite being Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Miss Mitford's "Our Village."

Mr. Sherard has written his "Life of Zola" (Chatto) rather early in the day, perhaps. It could not be very complete yet as to biographical facts, and until Mr. Sherard's hero-worship has cooled down a little he will not make a very discriminating critic. But the book is an excellent piece of journalism. It is no reproach to it to say that it has been, or might have been, made up from the matter gathered at interviews, for it contains just the kind of information that a serious-minded man gives to an intelligent interviewer. How he works, when he works, how he prepares for his book, his plan of work, and the purpose of it—all this is explained in the most detailed fashion, and, I am bound to say, nothing Mr. Sherard could have told us of him would have been more interesting.

Zola's early struggles are related, too, with some fulness; indeed, in respect of them, he is worthy to have been one of Dr. Smiles's heroes. The young poet Zola, at twenty-one, engaged by M. Boudet to carry round the cards which it is usual in France to leave on acquaintances on New Year's Day, trudging on this menial errand through the slush and snow, in the most poverty-stricken raiment, and Zola the prosperous proprietor of Médan are two pictures to fire many an ardent young writer whose pockets are empty. Only, the way he filled the years between with work is beyond the powers of ordinary energy.

Some interesting particulars are given of the sale of Zola's works. According to the last statement of his publisher, "La Débâcle" has had the greatest sale, having reached the 180th edition; "Nana" comes next, then "L'Assommoir." "La Fortune des Rougon" and "La Conquête de Plassans" are only in their twentieth and twenty-fifth editions, so that it is evidently by no means universal to read the whole series through in an orderly and scientific spirit.

Two of the chapters are devoted to Zola's ambition to be a member of the Academy and to his views on the use of that dignified institution. His chief reason for desiring admission is, he says, "to obtain for the naturalist novel a consecration that it has never obtained." His good nature under the rebuffs he received and his pertinacity in his candidature are about equal.

Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane have sent out some more of their daintily fashioned books. Among them there comes a beautiful edition of Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." The poems, too, of the young Catholic poet, Mr. Francis Thomson, and Mr. Gale's "Orchard Songs" have also made their appearance.

Mr. Gale sings no new notes here, but he sings his former ones with as much sweetness as ever. He has the rare power of turning common things into gems. Yet he shows the sparkle and the beautiful colour in them without much elaboration. There is no trace of labour, for instance, here, but of its kind what could be better?—

God, with His million cares,
Went to the left or right,
Leaving our world, and the day
Grew night.
Back from a sphere He came,
Over the starry lawn,
Looked at our world, and the dark
Grew dawn.

The poems are very unequal. Mr. Gale can be commonplace; but a few dull and maudlin verses can be forgiven him while we are under the spell of that song of hope to cage-birds, "A Shilling Each," or the songs written among the Cotswolds, or the singularly beautiful "Parting," the kind of poem which travels always on the perilous edge between pathos and bathos—

Why, love, don't weep!
The end is this—
There comes a bound
To speech and kiss;
For joy like ours
The price is cheap.
Sweet twenty years!
Why, love, don't weep!

Mr. Gale, in his last poem, makes a brave defence of his country Muse against the reproaches of over-frankness that have been levelled at her—or, rather, at him—for his manner of wooing her. He first

explains to his critics that they are wrong; then, despairing of their understanding, he says he doesn't care whether they approve or no. His Muse will not forsake him, but will bring him consolation.

Mr. W. J. Dawson has taken courage from the success of his first book of poems, issued some years ago, and now we have 138 pages more under the title of "Poems and Lyrics" (Macmillan). They show a maturity in expression, and perhaps a solemnity of thought, which is the growth of strenuous life. In the last poem, too, there is evidenced a change; not now is it the poet's prayer to be buried "on silent pastures, far from human feet," but rather "in this City grey, Beneath the pavements of the noisiest street, Most thronged by Labour's tired processional feet." One of the poems which is particularly striking is "The Terror by Night." o. o.

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* THE SKETCH *

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CHAT WITH THE "MOROCCO BOUND" SWANS.

"I have heard," I said to the amiable head stage-carpenter of the Shaftesbury Theatre, "that they are quite a wonderful pair of birds—in fact, real black swans."

"Pardon me," he replied, "they are white."

I was standing in the wings towards the close of the second act, watching them swim about in the tank, always taking pains to keep near the middle so as to be well in the picture. As soon as the "curtain" cue was given they began to splash about, and a moment later clambered over the edge, a task almost as difficult for them as getting into a boat after bathing is for me.

"They always do that," observed the carpenter; "and now they'll hide under the scenery, for they hate being taken up and carried downstairs."

No wonder is it, indeed, for when they were caught, after a diligent search, and were being borne along, they looked ridiculous and uncomfortable. I followed them to their apartments in the cellar, which are so comfortable that no swan need turn up its beak at them.

"This," said my conductor, "is Bill, and the little one is Jenny," and then, after introducing me to them, he retired discreetly.

I had some difficulty in getting them to talk; in fact, Bill absolutely refused to open his beak. It was a pleasant change, since when one interviews human beings they seem to think that you wish them to do all the talking, and so are absurdly loquacious, which distracts the interviewer and mars his impression. However, Jenny at last grew friendly.

"What is the matter with Bill? Well, he's got a sore throat, and the complaint is peculiarly trying to people like us." I wondered whether she had read Sydney Smith's joke about the giraffe. "Moreover," she continued, putting up her wing over her beak as ladies use their hands when they talk mysteries, "I'm afraid Bill's jealous. Of course, it's flattering, and I may say—I trust without vanity—that he made a very good match in marrying me, for he is only a Thames swan, while I am from Abbotsford, and was considered remarkably handsome, and I come of one of the oldest families. He really isn't reasonable. There used to be a dog in the play, a very fine creature, of wonderful taste and intelligence for a mere dog, and I won't deny that it watched me very attentively. Bill used to say it made eyes at me, and wanted to attack it, and I could hardly keep him back, even by telling him he would be fined if he did. I daresay Bill distrusts you, too."

She looked very coquettish as she said this. "Madam," I answered, "I am an old married man. May I ask whether you have been wedded long?"

"Oh, dear, no—only this season. What! Is he my first husband? I'm surprised at the question." The poor thing's beak blushed with indignation. "Let me tell you that among us marriage is a union for life, which, judging from some little things which I've seen in this theatre, is not always the case with human beings. By the common-law of England our unique standard of marriage is recognised, and in the case of swans alone the law adjudges half the issue to the owner of the male on account of the certainty of the parentage."

It was rather trying for a full-fledged barrister-at-law to get a lesson in Blackstone from a bird! I apologised, and got off the subject hastily by asking how she liked acting.

"To tell the truth, I was very nervous at first, and I don't think I have positive genius; but Bill has"—as she spoke she gazed proudly at him. Unfortunately, he looked undignified, for he had his head under his wing and seemed limp. "I consider Bill the best actor in the theatre, and I can prove it. The other night something went wrong; we knew that, because the stage remained empty for a long time; the band kept playing nothing in particular, and we heard a lot of decorated language in the wings. Bill grew excited. 'It's a stage wait,' he said. 'The silly geese saved Rome, why shouldn't I save "Morocco Bound"?' With that he clambered out of the tank as gracefully as he could—it's a nasty bit of a climb—and went down to the footlights; there, extending his huge wings, he did a sort of skirt dance like that lovely Miss Letty Lind. The people clapped tremendously. Then he stretched his neck and an awful horror came on me. 'Don't sing, Bill!' I shrieked; 'don't sing, if you love me.' Just at that moment the missing performer came on, looking very angry; he turned to poor, darling old Bill and said, 'Get off, you bally duck!' and drove him down the stage to me. Wasn't it a fearful exhibition of jealousy? And to call him a duck—it's an awful insult! Bill vows he will never take the stage again. I think there's a conspiracy, based on mere envy, to keep him in the background. I know there are such conspiracies, for I have heard actresses say they have suffered from them."

"But why were you so anxious to stop him from singing, you know, the 'Swan Song'? Oh! but I forgot—"

Jenny winked—there was no doubt about it—winked, and emitted a fearful noise that reminded me rather of a crocodile sobbing: it represented laughter.

"You silly old goose!" she said. "You humans talk such nonsense about our singing, and pretend that we have lovely voices, but only use them just before death. Well, that's true and it isn't. Now, look here, promise me not to mention it in your interview, and I'll tell you a secret."

"I promise," I answered, "*foi de journaliste*."

"Well, we swans have awful singing voices—worse than Mr. —'s (I dare not mention the name). Thank goodness, we're beautiful

enough to need no accomplishments. When one of us does sing a song the noise is so hideous that all the birds and beasts club together to kill him, lest he should do it again; we ourselves even join in the attack for the credit of our race. That's why the swan's death always follows his song quickly. But you won't mention it?"

"Have I any children—any small 'Morocco Bounders'? Not yet," she answered, sniggling a little. "Oh, yes, they remembered us on the two-hundredth night supper, and we had some lovely fish-spawn. I'm rather disappointed about the 'second volume.' I asked Mr. Branscombe to write up our parts, but I don't think he understood me—men are so stupid. What do I think of Ibsen? Not much. I hear he has written a play about a 'Wild Duck'—such a silly, vulgar subject. Wagner's the man for me; he knew how to treat us properly; you must have heard 'Lohengrin.' I like Shakspeare, too; you know they did him the honour of calling him the 'Swan of Avon.' He must have been proud, though they might have said Abbotsford, as ours is far the most important swannery. I'm glad to hear you're coming to the 'second volume.' If you want to throw me a bouquet, please put plenty of watercress round it, and they needn't bother to wash out any little grubs or worms. By-the-way, those green things in your buttonhole look rather nice—I mean pretty."

"May I offer it to you?" I said, taking out my violets, mounted with their own leaves. I handed the "buttonhole" to her, and she took it with her beak, and began to use it for internal decoration. Incautiously, forgetful of Bill, I patted her on her outstretched head, and she winked again. Suddenly Bill's head popped out from its shelter, then it was jerked back, and he looked like a snake about to strike; his huge wings opened and stood-terrible in ferocious majesty. Then came a fearful hiss, like an escape of steam.

"Fly!" shrieked Jenny. "Fly for your life! My husband saw you!"

"What! And leave you to his wrath? Never," I answered proudly; but he looked so business-like that I did.

E. F. S.

LORD ROSEBERY'S VISIT TO BATTERSEA.

Our wittiest statesman found time last week to enrich the poverty of the daily newspapers by an excellent speech at a meeting of the Colonial Institute, where he presided over a lecture delivered by the Earl of

Onslow; on Wednesday he opened the new Municipal Buildings and Town Hall of Battersea, designed by Mr. Edward W. Mountford. At the latter function his theme grew naturally out of his duties, and was the *renaissance* of municipal life in London. Lord Rosebery had already opened Battersea Free Library and the new bridge, so that he was not so great a stranger as his introductory remarks implied. One, at least, of his epigrammatic sentences is bound to be remembered; it was this definition of the Metropolis: "London is a wilderness of houses, inhabited by a multitude of men." The arousing of the citizens of London to their own interests was dwelt upon by Lord Rosebery with eloquent insistence. He will be glad to learn that the example of Battersea is shortly to be followed by Clerkenwell, whose Vestry has just accepted plans for erecting a town hall in Rosebery Avenue, while the Vestry of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, meditates having one in the Borough Road. Three other districts—Marylebone, Islington, and St. Pancras—have the same object before them, so that upon the scant leisure of the Foreign Secretary there will soon be some more demands. At the ceremony last Wednesday Canon Erskine Clark presided, and a vote of thanks to Lord Rosebery was proposed by Mr. John Burns, M.P., which was seconded by Mr. Percy Thornton, M.P., who had previously

entertained his Lordship in his library, that had an especial interest for the author of the "Life of William Pitt" by reason of its having been designed by that statesman. Above is a reproduction of the artistic key with which the formal ceremony of opening the buildings was performed. It was the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street, and will now be added to many similar presentations received by Lord Rosebery.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2 lb. to 12 lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has of course never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research.

We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.

The following are a few Extracts from other Journals:

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

"It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height, so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and, as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simply wonderful. It is marvellous how this 'Pasteur' and 'Koch' of English discoverers can actually reduce so much as fourteen pounds in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading."—*Southport Visitor*, Aug. 25, 1892.

HOW TO REDUCE OBESITY.

"The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new

system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing machine will prove. The 'recipe' can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, 6d."—*Penny Illustrated Paper*, Aug. 15, 1891.

DRINK AND CORPULENCY.

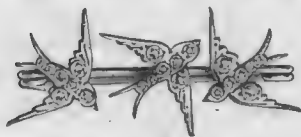
"Dr. Lorenzen, the Erlangen physician, has been writing on the subject of the influence of liquids on corpulency. He made an experiment upon himself. For a space of four years he drank over two gallons daily, and for a further five years the quantity ranged from about half. In this way he succeeded in increasing his weight by five-and-a-half stones, and he became corpulent. On discontinuing the liquids, he lost one stone in a week, and the difficulties attending respiration ceased. He endeavours to explain on the hypothesis that the cells whose province it is to decompose albumen, when a large quantity of fluid is taken, expend part of their energy in the combustion of fat. The fat they consume is replaced by fat from the tissues. All this seems to us to be superfluous if intended to be of use to those who are suffering from obesity, for it simply proves that if one gives up their drink there is hope for them, but not otherwise. This is rather behind the times, for under the treatment of our English specialist, Mr. Russell, he permits his followers to drink as much as they choose, and yet reduces them in weight as fast as the figures given by Dr. Lorenzen. Mr. Russell's reduction is achieved by a clever concoction of mallows and other field herbs of the simplest nature, which has to be taken three times a day for a certain period. It is extremely pleasant to the palate, tasting like a sort of lemonade, and upon the prescribed quantity as much as 4 lb. in severe cases has been reduced in twenty-four hours. We recommend our readers to send six stamps to Mr. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., who publishes a book called 'Corpulency and the Cure,' which should certainly be read by all who are victims to obesity."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, Aug. 10, 1893.

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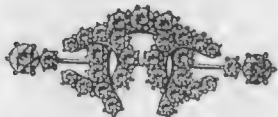
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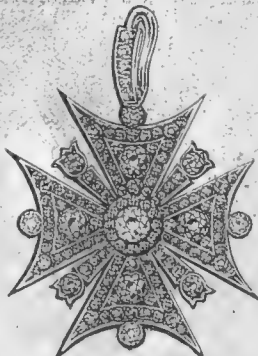


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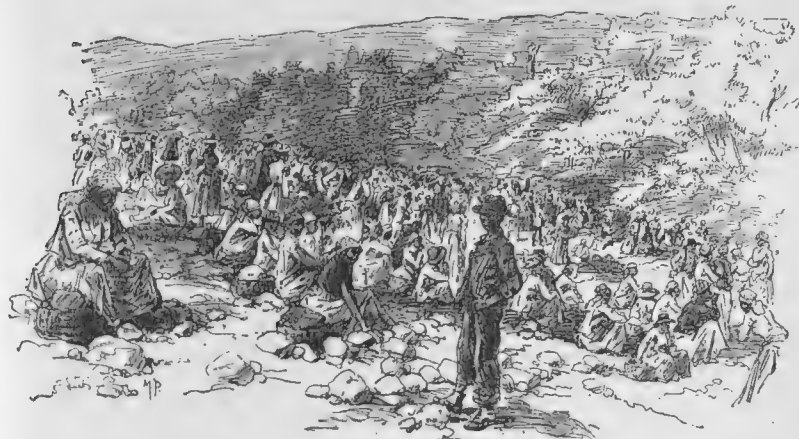
DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.
THE PROVERBIAL SCOTCHMAN SEATED THEREON.

Dr. N— (loquitur). "Hilloa, Scotty! you here already, and all alone?"
"Ou' ay'. I've **J.R.D.** wi' me, and ye ken 'a goot man and a goot whisky is goot company.'"

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A SO-CALLED HEALING STREAM.

There has been intense excitement at August Town, Jamaica, in consequence of the supposed healing powers of the waters of the Hope River. A man popularly known as "Shepherd" Bedward claimed that he had received a Divine mandate, and that under his leadership those who bathed in the river were healed of their diseases. One who has



WAITING FOR THE "PROPHET."

been present at the strange scenes enacted there describes the "prophet" as "about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and miserably thin and emaciated," and "most decidedly and unhesitatingly a lunatic." He led the way to the river, where more than ten thousand people had gathered. "They were packed," continues the eye-witness, "like sardines in a tin on either bank for at least a hundred yards on each side of the road. . . . At last Bedward was seen marching at the head of a large concourse of men and women, toppling over one another in their eagerness to get



BATHING IN THE HOPE RIVER.

to the water. The 'prophet' mounted a sort of platform, and delivered a short harangue to the congregation. He then turned, facing the waters, and, with the most ludicrous antics, blessed them, telling them to bathe, drink, and be cured." The terrible danger of infection seems to have been quite ignored, and these scenes were repeated on successive Wednesdays with supposed marvellous results.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Speed of Game-
Birds.*

"Sportsmen incline to the belief that a driven partridge must be the fastest bird that flies," so says the writer of an illustrated article on partridge hawking in a contemporary; as he proceeds to tell them with perfect truth that the peregrine falcon is faster still. This raises a question which must have considerable interest for naturalists and sporting men. Let me say at once that it is with the sportsmen I am raising an issue, and not with the writer on hawking. Sportsmen, it is quite true, are rather fond of saying "Nothing flies faster than a driven partridge," meaning by this that no game-bird flies faster than a driven partridge is flying when shot. To this I answer without the slightest hesitation, "Wrong. Many game-birds do. A partridge only seems to go quickest because it is a small bird and whirrs its wings quickly." Can I prove this? Certainly. I can take you out almost any day on a border moor, and, where it marches with the corn-land, show you black game, grouse, and partridges side by side. You can compare their actual speed from point to point with a stop-watch, or their relative speeds as follows: often when the grouse are flying along low down they pick up, as it were, a covey of partridges; often they rise together; or, again, black game and grouse rise together, and sometimes all the three. What you learn from watching them is this—namely, that a grouse can fly away from a partridge, and a blackcock clean away from either. After careful observation for many years, I incline to the belief that an old blackcock is quite half as fast again as a partridge. I have never seen a peregrine fly a blackcock, and am pretty sure that if the blackcock would fly the falcon would have all his work cut out to catch him.

*Florida for
Sport.*

I cannot resist one more quotation, this time from an advertisement: "An Oxford man, for nine years resident, would be glad of the company of one or two men (whether thinking of settling or not) for winter months." Poor fellow! I should think so, indeed. It recalls the palmiest days of "the Tavern." However, it appears that Florida, and not Oxford, is the place in question. I have never been to Florida, but I believe the sport is good. It was only this summer—was it not?—that a certain gentleman, interviewed as to his claims to lead an Arctic expedition, replied that "he had camped for a long time in Florida, where he had, he believed, shot more crocodiles than any man alive." But it would seem, from all accounts, that the sport of Florida is tarpon fishing. Many of my friends tell me that neither salmon nor mahseer are "in it" with this fish. You spin with a spoon-bait and salmon-rod for a fish that may weigh 150 lb. If our Oxford friend can offer any of this, he should not have long to wait for a companion.

Docked Tails.

Recently, at Bromley, a man was fined £3 14s. for docking his mare's tail. He thought it was not an illegal operation, but it seems that it is. Yet, as one of the magistrates himself remarked, 90 per cent. of the horses in England are docked. As far as cruelty goes, a young horse scarcely feels it at all, if the operation is properly performed. I docked a pony myself one day, and he really did not mind it, so to say. No doubt, the operation is far more painful to an aged horse. But, really, it is a most indefensible practice, except on the score of fashion. We consider that a hunter and a carriage-horse look smarter with a short tail, a cart-horse and a racehorse with a long one. Will someone tell us why? I did once hear someone suggest that it was all "a question of mud," but he was a partisan. Also, about the fox-terrier's terminal point? Is this, too, a question of fashion? Of fashion, doubtless. No partisan, surely, so daring as to hint that it is all a question of rats? No; on thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that if the practice of docking is only to be defended on the score of advantage to the thing docked, why, then, all tails must remain except the spaniel's and the lamb's. With both these it is honestly a question of mud and bushes.



THE INVALIDS ARRIVING.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Among the more promising of amateur clubs in London are the London Caledonians. During the past two seasons they have only once been defeated by a London club, and their defeat the other week by Cambridge University was the first they have sustained on their own ground for two years.



Photo by Stainier Hannet, Antwerp.

H. SCOTT-MACPHERSON, LONDON CALEDONIANS.

Much of the success of the Caledonians has been due to the industry and painstaking care of their honorary secretary, Hugh Scott-Macpherson, who, like all the other members of the club, is a true Scot. Mr. Macpherson is a member of the Council of the London Association and also of the Football Association.

One of the surprises of the season was the defeat of a strong team of Corinthians at Leyton by the St. Bernards of Edinburgh. Though the Corinthians appear to have had most of the play, and did most of the pressing, they found it impossible to score more than twice; while the Scotsmen, owing to one or two

mistakes by Moon in goal, managed to secure three goals. The feature of the game was, undoubtedly, the extraordinarily fine play of Walter Arnott at full back, who, although one of the oldest men playing, is also one of the best backs, if not the best, in the kingdom. He has represented Scotland against England ten years in succession, and if he maintain his form he will probably create a record by playing for the eleventh successive time. N. C. Bailey, of London, is the only other player in the kingdom who has represented his country ten years in succession.

In the League Championship, Aston Villa still hold premier position, and, now that they have bowled over Sunderland, the Villans look like staying there for some time to come. Next Saturday, at Birmingham, they should not have much difficulty in beating Preston North End, whose chances of the championship were never poorer. Blackburn Rovers are in comparatively as good a position as Aston Villa, and, judging by their consistent success at home and away, the Villans may experience a stronger rivalry from the Rovers than any other club. A win for the Rovers against the Forest at Nottingham to-morrow would be a great lift to the Blackburn men. West Bromwich Albion have also a rosy chance, but I hardly expect that they will manage to lower the colours of the champions next Saturday. Sheffield United, who are still in the running, should go up higher after meeting Newton Heath, and Everton at home ought to get two points out of Burnley. Darwen will be fighting Sheffield Wednesday for the wooden spoon, and Wolverhampton Wanderers must be rather poor if they don't score a victory at home over Stoke.

It was thought that the institution of the Rugby county championship would create an interest in football similar to that of the cricket county championship. Up to date this has not been the case, nor is it likely to be so on present lines. The southern and western counties will apparently not take the necessary trouble to get their strongest teams together, and, as their chance of ever winning the championship grows smaller by degrees and beautifully less, the probability is that the county championship will be dropped altogether. Players in the south assert that they cannot leave their work for mid-week matches, and they will not give up their ordinary Saturday club fixtures in order to play in county matches. It seems curious that the amateurs of the south, who are, generally speaking, a much wealthier body of men than those of the north, cannot afford to play mid-week matches. In any case, there seems little hope of galvanising the Rugby championship into life in the south of England, and I doubt whether even in the north it arouses one whit more interest than the old county fixtures between Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and other counties. So far as the season has gone, it appears that Yorkshire will retain the championship with ease.

In the event of the Rugby county championship falling through, it seems to me that a competition similar to that of the Football League would be immensely popular. We know that in Yorkshire and Lancashire the county competitions have invested the game with a deal of additional interest, and I believe, were a league to be established composed of two divisions, one including the twelve best clubs in the

kingdom and the other the twelve next best clubs, it could hardly fail to create not only immense interest among the players, but also among the football-loving public. I know that at the present moment the officials of the Rugby Union do not look with favour upon this form of competition; but there can be no doubt that the rank-and-file of the football world, which, of course, embraces a vast majority, would undeniably favour such a scheme.

Since writing last one or two things of pith and moment have occurred in the Rugby world. The first is the suspension of the Huddersfield Club till the end of the present year on the charge of professionalism. Not only is the club suspended, but all those who have played for it once this season are also hung up for the same period. The suspension of Huddersfield will naturally cause a deal of annoyance to clubs having fixtures with them, and these, of course, include the whole of the Yorkshire senior clubs. I stated some weeks ago that if Huddersfield were suspended over this matter it might be the signal for the secession of Yorkshire and other northern clubs from the Rugby Union, but, as far as one can see, no steps have been taken in this direction. Perhaps a fulness of time for a split has not yet arrived, but it may be that the matter will blow over without any disruption in the Union.

The other important point to which I alluded was the defeat of Newport by Cardiff. Last season Cardiff and Newport played four matches, of which each club won two. No other club beat Newport last season. Up till the past week Cardiff had not given promise of great things, while Newport had, as usual, been having matters all their own way. It, therefore, came as a great surprise to see Newport thrashed by Cardiff. Nor could the result be considered a fluke, when one reflects upon the easy manner in which Cardiff bowled over the University at Cambridge last Wednesday. Two of the Cardiff three-quarters, Elliott and Pearson, are playing so brilliantly that it is possible that one or the other, or both, will be included in this season's Welsh Internationals.

We had a fine match the other day at Blackheath, where the club met Oxford University. Those of us who thought that Oxford University were a weak team must have been rather surprised to see the way they stood up to the heavy Heathens, and almost, if not altogether, held their own. The result was a win for Blackheath by one try to nil. There is no doubt the home forwards were stronger in the scrummage, but this was very nearly neutralised by the fine play of the Oxford three-quarters. Now that both Varsities are playing the four three-quarter game, I fancy that Oxford, with Conway-Rees for a captain, will learn the new style more quickly. It is rather early in the season to prophesy the result of the inter-Varsity match, but this I will say, that those who imagined Cambridge much the stronger side will probably get a rude shock. The present will be the first season that the Varsities have played an inter-Varsity match with four three-quarters.

The meeting of Surrey and Middlesex at Richmond to-day in the county championship should prove extremely interesting. Last season Middlesex, with an abnormally strong side, had little difficulty in over-running the southern and midland counties. Already Middlesex have gone down before the midland counties, and I will not be at all surprised to see them beaten by Surrey to-day. The chief strength of Surrey is at half-back, where Wells and Easterbrook work the scrummage to perfection. The Surrey forwards in their last match worked beautifully together, and, indeed, the whole fifteen played with a combination equal to that of a first-class club team. Next Saturday will see those ancient rivals, Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Bradford. This fixture is usually known as the Battle of the Roses, but unless Lancashire play very much better than they did against Cheshire, for instance, it will not be so much a battle as a rush. Yorkshire's victory over Durham was unexpectedly large, and northern critics say that the Tykes were never so strongly represented as they are this season. Cornwall and Devonshire will also have their little set-to on Saturday. Devon played a great game the other week when they beat Gloucester, and I fancy they will not have a great deal of trouble in beating Cornwall.

ATHLETICS.

An athletic event of unusual importance will take place at the County Ground, Northampton, next Saturday, when C. Pearce and S. Thomas will attempt to beat the record and each other over a four-mile course. Thomas has been training very carefully, and expresses himself hopeful of beating, at least, old Father Time. Pearce is a marvel at the distance, and, with Thomas to cut out the pace for him, no one will be surprised if the record, 24 min. 53.3-5th sec., has to go the way of all modern records. Thomas is the present holder. The surprising thing about Pearce is his age. Very rarely do we find a running record by a man over thirty, but Pearce is now in his thirty-sixth year. OLYMPIAN.

A QUESTION.

Shall I from her sweet spell depart,
Or take her for better or worse?
The choice is—shall she break my heart,
Or shall she break my purse?—Puck.



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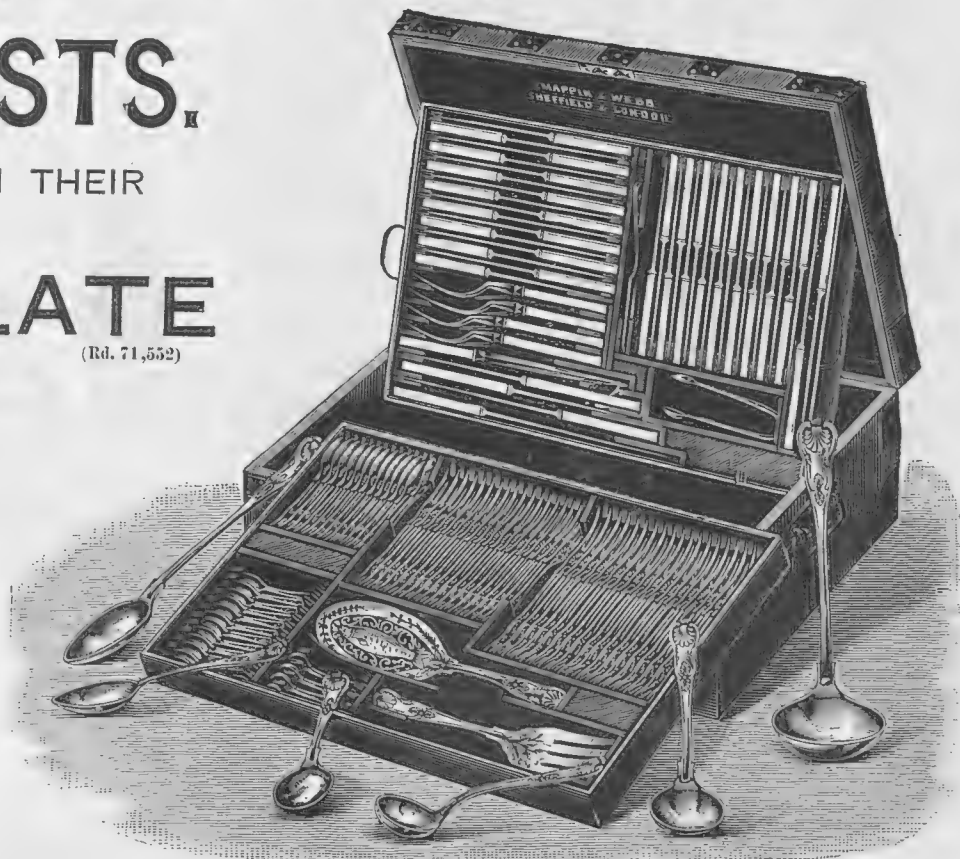
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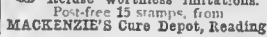
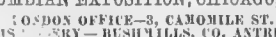
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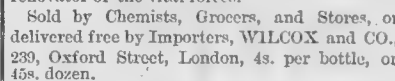
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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

To the small and select list of jockey owners must now be added the name of Mr. W. Robinson. Mr. Ellis has shown that a profit can be made, and I hope Mr. Robinson will meet with every success. Those



Photo by H. Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. W. ROBINSON.

people who were present at Newmarket when Humewood won the Cesarewitch for Lord Rodney would hardly recognise in Mr. Robinson the lad who so cleverly steered the horse to victory. It is hardly six years ago since Mr. Robinson's indentures with Tom Cannon were cancelled, so that Lord Rodney should have first claim on his services, but in that time Mr. Robinson has made a name for himself, both as a jockey and trainer, and now he intends to race horses of his own. On leaving Danebury he obtained most of the riding for Jewitt's stable, and among his many successes may be noted the victories of Seabreeze in the Oaks, St. Leger, and Lancashire Plate, Kilwarlin in the St. Leger, and Bonavista in the Two Thousand Guineas. Increasing weight compelled him to leave the saddle, and he was appointed private trainer to Lord Gerard, a position he held until the breaking up of his Lordship's stud. Riding and training are not Mr. Robinson's only strong points; he is at home both on and in the water, and can handle the willow with no little skill. He is quite a young man, having first seen the light at South Kensington in 1869. He is a great favourite with Captain Machell, and the two have enjoyed many a good day's fishing together.

I thought Colonel North was wedded to sport and finance; but it seems the Nitrate King now has a sort of hankering after politics, and it is just on the cards that he will try and oust Mr. Herbert Gladstone out of his seat for Leeds when the General Election comes round. I say try, because I do not think the Colonel will succeed. He is, I know, immensely popular throughout Yorkshire; but even the sporting Tykes go for "measures, not men." In the meantime the Colonel plods along, fighting his execrable luck with a light heart and a happy smile.

Seemingly, there will be a very interesting race for the Manchester November Handicap, although it must be admitted this race has proved a terrible pitfall to backers in the days gone by. Paddy, who won last year, was not backed by anyone outside the stable, and the horse was tried for the race as long before as the Doncaster September Meeting, when he beat Barmecide easily at a mile and three-quarters. There is no reason why he should not run well on Saturday, but it must be noted that Lambourn could also be represented by Burnaby and Quickfoot. My opinion is that the prize will go to Alec Taylor's best, and his best may be Aborigine.

As I have before stated, the Jockey Club had a capital chance of establishing a body of police of their own two years ago, when a well-known metropolitan police superintendent offered to organise the whole show and command the men. I believe the scheme was referred to Mr. James Lowther, who, apparently, does not like any radical change, so the whole thing fell through. But last year Lord Durham, I believe, thought a body of detectives might be organised for the purpose of purifying the rings, and, as an outcome of the idea, the bookmakers had a meeting, but decided not to pay a tax, which would have been used to pay for the ring-keepers. The time has, however, arrived to tackle the whole question, and I think the Jockey Club should at once organise a body of, say, thirty constables, and give them full power to act on all racecourses.

Some very lively betting over the Derby of 1894 may be expected during the coming winter, and I am told that several bookmakers intend to open volumes on the race—quite an unusual thing, by-the-by, nowadays. There are so many opinions abroad as to the likely winner that it is hoped the owners may be induced to back their several opinions. To go no farther than the book for it, I think the chance of Ladas is an undeniable one; but the Duke of Westminster fancies Bullington. It is pleasant to be able to note that the brunt of the battle will once more be borne by those old warriors, John Porter and Matthew Dawson, and the public will support their horses as they have done before, knowing that they will be delivered at the post fit and well.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The Matabele are still retreating in a north-westerly direction, with the apparent intention of crossing the Zambesi.

The convention with the South African Republic for the settlement of the Swaziland question provides that the Government of the Republic may enter into negotiations, under certain conditions, with the Swazi Queen-Regent and Council, with a view to obtaining a convention by which rights and powers of jurisdiction, protection, and administration over Swaziland, without incorporation thereof into the Republic, may be secured to the last-mentioned Government. The Republic agrees to prohibit the sale or supply of intoxicating liquor to the natives of Swaziland.

The Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, comes of Irish stock, his maternal grandfather being one of the pioneer Baptist ministers of Nova Scotia. He was called to the Bar in 1875, was for some time a newspaper editor, and entered Parliament as a Liberal eleven years ago. He is said to be the best debater in the House, and "formerly enjoyed the reputation of being the best hated man in Nova Scotia."

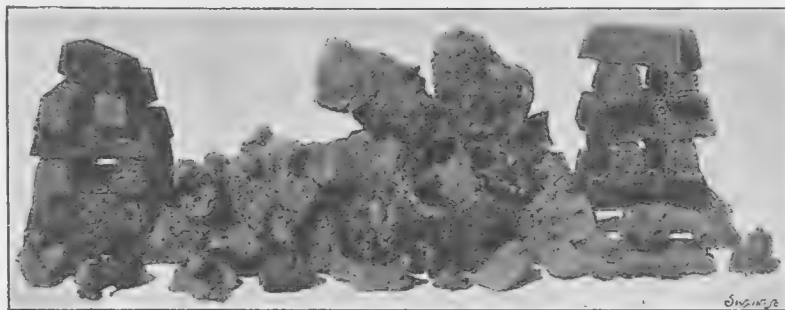
The Chief Justice of New Brunswick, Sir John Campbell Allen, has had a stroke of paralysis.

The British Mission left Afghanistan on Thursday. The Amcer, at a review of some of his troops at Cabul last week, announced the settlement of his frontier and of all differences with the Indian Government. He spoke warmly of the friendly relations now established between Afghanistan and India.

The Opium Commission resumed its sittings at Calcutta on Saturday. It will proceed to Orissa and Burma, returning to Calcutta about Christmas. About the beginning of January it will start for Patna, Benares, Lucknow, Delhi, and stations in the North-West Provinces, Malwa, and Bombay. It is doubtful whether it will visit Madras Presidency. The present intention is to proceed to Poona when the tour is completed to consider the report, which will probably be finished by the middle of February.

The sugar crop of Queensland for the season, exceeding 80,000 tons, will tax to the utmost the capacity of the crushing mills. The separation movement in Northern Queensland has been revived.

Some time ago the gold shown in the accompanying illustration was found in "Bailey's Reward" claim at Coolgardie, and photographed as it lay on the bank. The quartz specimens weighed in gross 80 lb., and were



GOLD FROM COOLGARDIE.

estimated to contain 600 ounces of gold. The gold bars, twenty-one in number, consisting of practically pure smelted gold, weighed in all 3605 oz. 15 dwts. 8-grs.

Lord Onslow opened the session of the Royal Colonial Institute last week with a very interesting address on State Socialism in Antipodean Britain, dealing mainly with New Zealand, where, as Governor, he had good opportunities of watching the situation. The new Parliament in New Zealand, he noted, consisted of forty men of business, six journalists, and representatives of a number of handicrafts; but, even then, there were only seven mechanics to 80,000 wage-earners, and the 3000 professional men in the colony were better represented than the 40,000 farmers. Whereas the Labour party in New Zealand selected an experienced Parliamentary hand as leader, and threw in their lot with the advanced party, the trade-union representatives in New South Wales, numbering about thirty, failed to attain their ends because they had no experienced leader, and endeavoured to hold the balance of parties, with the result of producing a coalition against them.

By far the most interesting experiment, he thought, would be the extension of the franchise to the women in New Zealand, which was for both parties a purely problematical experiment. The movement was, by-the-way, started by the Australian Women's Christian Temperance Union, a consolidation of various societies, which Miss Jessie Ackerman started. This young lady, who is Boston born and Californian bred, went out to Australia five years ago, and traversed it as certainly no woman has ever done. She made an interesting speech at a meeting in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday, Lady Henry Somerset presiding.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I think we all fancied, or tried to fancy, that we should get through the winter without any fogs. Consequently, when the first fog of the season enveloped us last week in its damp mistiness, to the accompaniment of



a drizzling rain, my spirits subsided to the lowest possible ebb, and life looked about as cheerful as the weather. The best and only possible antidote seemed to me to be found in the contemplation of something lovely enough to make one forget the weather and all other ills; so, with a sigh of anticipatory pleasure, I passed inside the doors of the Maison Jay, in Regent Street, shutting out behind me all gloom and dullness, and entering into an atmosphere of brilliant light and pleasant warmth that did me good immediately.

Once settled in a cosy nook of the pretty sanctum, where coats, cloaks, and capes reign supreme, I felt myself growing light-hearted again. Who could be altogether miserable when the world contained, within accessible reach, such a thing of beauty as the coat which I have had sketched for you? It is of black *velours du Nord*, made to fit tightly to the figure, and with very full, perfectly-hanging skirts. It is arranged in front with a smart little zouave over-bodice, lined with sable, and with pointed revers and very full, deep collar at the back of the same lovely fur, which also forms the cuffs. The velvet collar is covered with lovely jet passementerie, studded with sequins, a narrow border of the same trimming outlining the fronts, while from the points of the zouave hang two jet ornaments. If anything more were needed to complete an absolutely perfect whole, it is exactly what has been given in the shape of a cravat of exquisite yellowish old lace, and for effective contrast there is the lining of rich violet satin. I don't think I need ask you whether you think this beautiful or not.

There was another lovely coat, made in much the same style, but composed entirely of moiré antique. It had a collar and waistband of jetted passementerie, the pointed revers and zouave fronts, together with the full shoulder capes, being outlined with a narrow border of the same trimming. The full sleeves had quaint turned-back cuffs, a band of jet passementerie finishing them off at the wrist, while the dainty cravat was of valuable old lace.

Now, if you want an eminently *chic* evening cape you have only to look at the one sketched, and imagine a combination of creamy-white embroidered cloth, velvet of the hue of a Neapolitan violet, handsome cream-coloured guipure lace, jet appliqué, and stone-martin fur. It is difficult at first hearing to realise that all these widely-differing fabrics can be successfully united in one small garment, but that is just where Messrs. Jay's genius comes in. They have the most wonderful knack of blending in a perfectly harmonious whole colours and materials which less skilled folk would not even dare to think of together, and the result is always, as in this case, perfectly beautiful, entirely original, and thoroughly artistic. This particular cape has a high full collar of the velvet, bordered at the bottom with an appliqué of jet, and the yoke is covered with the lace, which falls in points over the band of delicate stone-martin fur, which passes over the shoulders and round the yoke. The cloth, which falls in particularly full folds, is sewn with oval-shaped buttons embroidered with silk, and is edged with a deep band of the mauve velvet, which, in its turn, is headed by an appliqué of jet in a bold design of bows.

In direct contrast to this elaborate garment there was a dainty little evening cape of the faintest pinkish mauve, composed of two frills, the lower one cut in points, and both edged with a pleated quilling of velvet, the collar being formed of a series of velvet bows. Even more did I admire a cape of velvet, shading from the darkest violet to the very palest and most delicate shade of mauve. It was trimmed with appliqué bands of ivory-white lace, and the full-pleated collar was bordered with softly-curling cream ostrich tips, which would form a particularly delightful setting for a youthful face.

But for smartness and perfect style I do not think that you could beat the cape which forms the subject of another sketch this week, and it is a useful garment, too, as it can be worn either for day or evening, and would go with any gown. It is of black velvet, and is bordered with an appliqué of cream lace, while over the novel pointed shoulder cape of Persian lamb fall frills of the same lace. There is a high, cosy-looking collar of the Persian lamb, in the folds of which nestle at



each side a *chou* of black satin ribbon, the yoke being outlined with a twist of ribbon with two bows in front. The lining is of white brocade. The counter-attractions of a long evening cloak at last drew me away from my rapt contemplation of this fascinating cape. The cloak was of pale heliotrope cloth, and had a high pleated collar of black velvet, edged both inside and outside with an appliqué of cream lace, while the small yoke, also of velvet, was outlined with mink fur.

[Continued on page 213]

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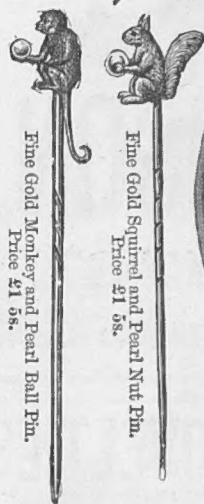
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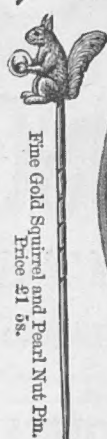
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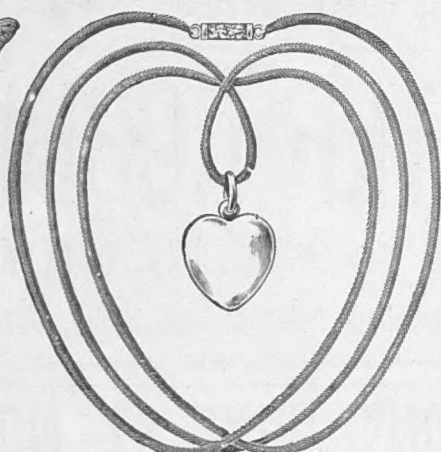
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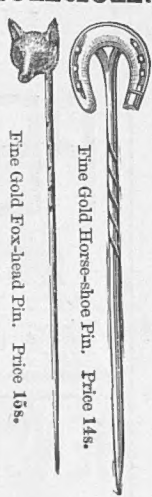
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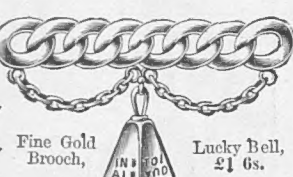
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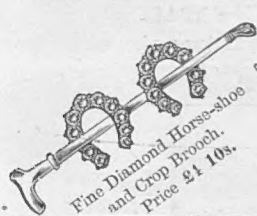
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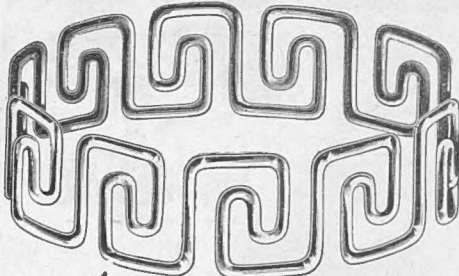
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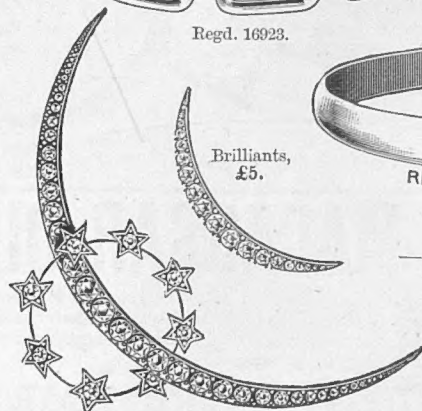
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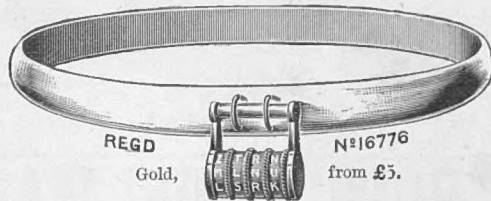


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There was a full shoulder cape of the cloth, edged with fur, and beneath it another and a deeper cape of black velvet, trimmed with two rows of lace appliqué.

I had by this time risen far above such mundane considerations as fogs, and when I went outside again the thought of all the lovely things on which I had been feasting my eyes kept my mind occupied till I arrived at home, and there a packet of patterns of Barker and Moody's



flannels brought me down to more prosaic but equally important details, and I settled down to a contemplation of these always delightful fabrics, which acquire additional value in my eyes when I begin to get chilled by wintry winds and frosts. They are, for one thing, absolutely unshrinkable, and then they are also beautifully soft and warm; while you can get them in all designs and colours, from sober natural hued tints, greys, and creamy-whites to delicate harmonies in pale pinks and blues. Nothing could be more delightfully warm and cosy than a nightdress of this flannel, and it would certainly look extremely pretty; but, in fact, the patterns open up endless vistas of dainty, warm dressing-gowns and other garments, and I should like you to look through them yourself and see if they inspire you in the same way. Barker and Moody's unshrinkable flannels are sold everywhere by all drapers, hosiers, and outfitters; but if you should have the least difficulty in obtaining them you should write to Messrs. Barker and Moody, Perseverance Mills, Leeds, and they will send you the address of the nearest agent. It is quite worth while to take a little trouble to get such a thoroughly good article.

It may seem early days as yet to think of Christmas cards, but, still, they are beginning to appear on every hand, and they certainly make us realise the nearness of the festive season. I came across some the other day which pleased me very much, as they enabled a little originality and distinctive personality to be introduced. They were the production of Messrs. Marion and Co., of 22 and 23, Soho Square, W., and they took the form of very dainty folding cards and frames, bearing on the outside seasonable words of greeting, and particularly refined and artistic designs, while inside the card was left blank, in order to enable the sender to exercise his or her individual taste or talent and fill it with verses or original sketches, or, on the other hand, a photograph could be mounted upon it with the best possible effect. You can get them in sizes suitable for midget, *carte de visite*, or cabinet photographs, and the idea is such a good one that it deserves to be appreciated and taken advantage of, and I have no doubt that it will be, as so many people will be glad of the opportunity of making their Christmas cards genuine personal tokens of remembrance and goodwill.

FLORENCE.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

ONE GIRL: "When is a joke not a joke?"

THE OTHER GIRL: "When you're telling it to an Englishman."—*New York Life*.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Count Hartenau is dead. Few, save those who follow the mazy ways of European politics, could mention off-hand any count of this name; but when his old title, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, is mentioned, the story of his adventurous and romantic career, which was not wholly devoid of pathos, is brought back to memory. The Prince was the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the late Empress of Russia and of Countess Hauke, the daughter of a Polish General of Artillery, who, previous to her marriage, which was morganatic, had been a lady-in-waiting in the Russian Court. When one remembers that her son, who has just died, also contracted a morganatic alliance—with a clever young actress, Mdle. Loisinger—one might be tempted to generalise that such a marriage was the result of heredity. As a boy, the Prince, who was born in 1857, was exceedingly handsome, and became the favourite of the Czar Alexander II., a distinction which gained him the dislike of the present Emperor of Russia. After going through the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, he was recommended by the Russians to the Bulgarians as their Prince, and was received by them with open arms; but his post was not a bed of roses. Though the Russian Government was probably desirous of maintaining the *status quo* in Bulgaria, its local representatives acted so injudiciously that they brought about a crisis, and they so irritated the Prince that he determined to get rid of their interference by coming to terms with the native politicians. He went to St. Petersburg to make his peace, and indirectly saved the Czar's life by delaying his entrance into the Hall of the Winter Palace until after the explosion that occurred there. Unfortunately for Prince Alexander, however, the Nihilists effected their purpose soon after, and when he went to Moscow to the coronation of the new Czar he perceived, beyond doubt, that he was hated irrevocably at the Russian Court. In 1885 the Servians forced a war on the Bulgarians, but were defeated by Prince Alexander, who led his own troops and evoked the greatest enthusiasm by his bravery. It was during this campaign that he contracted the internal weakness from exposure that has cut him off at so early an age. The crisis in his rule came when he accepted the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria. It aroused a small but troublesome section of Russophiles. Then one morning all Europe was startled to learn that the Prince of Bulgaria had disappeared overnight from his palace at Sofia. He had been kidnapped, and



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

taken to the small Russian town of Reni. On his return to Sofia he tried to conciliate the Czar—in vain; and he was compelled to abdicate. His career since that date had been uneventful. He retired to Darmstadt in 1887, and two years later married Mdle. Loisinger, laying aside his princely rank to become plain Count Hartenau, living on an annual pension of 50,000 francs from Bulgaria, which to the last thoroughly sympathised with him. He has left a widow and two children, with whom the greatest sympathy will be felt throughout Bulgaria. It need scarcely be added that his elder brother, Prince Louis, is an officer in the British Navy, and that a younger brother, Prince Henry, is the husband of Princess Beatrice.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The great event of last week in Parliament was Mr. Gladstone's announcement as to the Government intervention between the coal-owners and their workmen. Lord Rosebery was certainly the only member of the Government who is sufficiently trusted by his opponents to be put into the place of conciliator. But Mr. Mundella, as head of the Board of Trade, was obviously the man who ought to have intervened—if he had not been Mr. Mundella.

DULL DAYS ON EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

On the Employers' Liability Bill steady progress was made; but nobody seems very keen about it now that the McLaren clause has been rejected. The Strangers' Galleries are quite deserted while it is being discussed, and the general idea seems to be that the Bill will not do much, except for the lawyers. The only really interesting point in the debate was on Mr. Bousfield's amendment. Mr. Bousfield is a Progressive Tory, who sits for Hackney, and he has the credit of having put into the Bill a far more advanced clause, from the workmen's point of view, than the Government had proposed. He moved to insert a clause entitling workmen to compensation for all injuries to health from dangerous trades—dangerous *per se*: for example, the white lead trade, with "injuries" such as the diseases of "phossy jaw" and grinders' and potters' "rot"—and not merely where accidents were caused by negligence. This clause Mr. Asquith refused at first to accept, and fortified his refusal by a technical legal argument, which went to show that the common law already provided for compensation for such injuries. Mr. Asquith is, no doubt, a clever young lawyer, but he was rather too clever in this argument; he was promptly answered by Sir Henry James, who pointed out that, in fact, the Home Secretary's law flowed a good deal too much from his wish. Sir Henry James gave it emphatically as his opinion that the law did no such thing as what Mr. Asquith had said. I need hardly say that, much as the Radicals admire Mr. Asquith, they would not take his opinion on a point of law in preference to that of Sir Henry James. Mr. Burns "regretted" Mr. Asquith's refusal. But at last Mr. Asquith admitted that if there was any doubt he had better accept the clause.

A CLEVER TRICK.

So he gave way, and then proceeded to a very clever piece of tactics. He had made a great mistake on Mr. Bousfield's clause, and had, of course, given the Tories occasion to plume themselves greatly before the working men. So what does Mr. Asquith do but turn upon them and move to make the amendment apply not only to dangerous trades but all trades. Mr. Balfour and others protested, but the Home Secretary carried his point, made the Tories oppose it, and then went off, able to say that it was he who had given this boon to the workmen, and not the Conservative Mr. Bousfield at all. I need hardly say that this point will have to be cut out at a later stage, if only in the House of Lords. As it stands, it is ridiculous. But clever Mr. Asquith has so managed that the opposition must now come from the Tories, though originally he had opposed the clause himself.

ANARCHISM AND THE SAFETY-VALVE.

The only heat, however, that I have to record was early in the week, over the question of Trafalgar Square and the Anarchists. Mr. Darling moved the adjournment of the House to consider the fact that a meeting to celebrate the judicial "murder" of the Chicago Anarchists and the recent Barcelona outrage had been sanctioned by Mr. Asquith. The answer was that it was thought best to let the Anarchists talk—it acted as a safety-valve. Mr. Asquith trotted this old horse out as if it was a yearling—let us hope that it won't be; but nobody was in the least convinced by his argument, except Mr. Burns, who "went one better," and said that bomb-throwing was somewhat analogous to Matabele-potting. But this did not go down with the House, and it is not likely that Mr. Asquith will do it again.

A DEFEAT.

Liberal papers are fond of alluding to Tory "storm signals." But if ever there were storm signals, they come now from the Radicals. Poor Lord Herschell has inevitably committed himself, and the Rads are now making a dead-set against him, and Thursday's division on Mr. McLaren's Women's Suffrage and the votes on the Parish Councils Bill show that the Radicals do not mind so much whether the Government is defeated or not. Mr. Gladstone can put up with one defeat, but he cannot put up with the continual snarlings of half his party. As a matter of fact, it was purely by accident that two defeats were not sustained on Thursday, for the Tories got Mr. Asquith to allow certain fishermen to contract-out of the Employers' Liability Bill, much to the disgust of the Radicals then in the House, and it was only a sudden influx of Gladstonians, who had not heard the discussion, from the anti-Herschell meeting that saved the Government. This division really is rather amusing. The Tories mainly voted with Mr. Asquith, and the Radicals who knew what had gone on voted against him, the others making the mistake of thinking that they must support the Government, and not knowing that they were deserting their real friends. Meanwhile, the prospect of getting the Parish Councils Bill through by Christmas is becoming hopeless. There are about three hundred Gladstonian amendments to discuss, and Mr. Fowler will not hear of cutting out the Poor Law part. Mr. Chamberlain's return is another ominous event.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The week has been a mingled record of triumph and failure for the Government, with a fairly good balance on the right side. The Employers' Liability Bill is through with the exception of the third reading stage, which, though we are threatened with a big speech by Mr. Chamberlain, is not likely to turn out a very serious affair. The passage of the Bill is unquestionably due to one man above all others—that is the Home Secretary. Mr. Asquith is a young Parliamentary hand, and he has the defects of his qualities; but he has achieved, perhaps, the most signal personal triumph of any Minister in the conduct of a Bill. Fortune and the absence of Mr. Chamberlain, no doubt, favoured him; but there is nothing to take from the credit of a remarkable feat. There are some Parliamentary qualities which go very far in the House of Commons, and chief of them are grit, clear-headedness, and perseverance. All these Mr. Asquith displays to an astonishing degree. He made one slip on the very last day of the Bill, when he admitted a rather dangerous amendment, which may open the door to a species of contracting-out on the part of a small body of fishermen. But this trip has been his only blunder. On the whole, he has held his own wonderfully, and his conduct of Committee work has been remarkable for qualities which the House of Commons loves—capacity for seeing points, to find ways out of difficulties, and to keep things severely confined within the right track. In this he showed himself to be, on the whole, the ablest lawyer in the House of Commons—brighter than Mr. Matthews, more forcible than Sir Henry James.

MR. FOWLER AND PARISH COUNCILS.

Now a different Minister and a different task comes to the front. Employers' Liability is off and the Parish Councils is on, as the waiter at a restaurant would say. Mr. Fowler is a very different type of man from Mr. Asquith, and I cannot say that either the House of Commons, or his own party, or the House in general, possess the same confidence in him as in the Home Secretary. Mr. Asquith is a strong man, Mr. Fowler is a weak one; Mr. Asquith is clear-headed, Mr. Fowler, though able in a rather ponderous way, always strikes me as being a trifle woolly-headed, after the fashion of the platform orator. He certainly did not shine in the opening passages of the Bill. His tone was unduly dogmatic, and his failure to perceive the point of two opening amendments led to a rather awkward disaster. The first related to the enfranchisement of women for local government purposes, which Mr. Fowler denounced as an attempt to overload the Bill. This is quite absurd, for it is simply the logical complement of the provisions Mr. Fowler himself inserted in it. All this was seized on with great eagerness. Sir Charles Dilke pointed it out in one of his useful, resourceful speeches; Mr. Stanfeld rubbed it in with the ferocity of an old woman's righter, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, usually the mildest of men, pounced on the President of the Local Government Board with disconcerting vigour. In a few minutes a division had been precipitated, and the Government were beaten by a majority of twenty-one. Mr. T. W. Russell shouted "Resign!" in that silvery voice which enchants the listening ear, and Mr. Courtney grew almost apoplectic with joy. The only serious feature of the business was that it revealed a certain incapacity in the presiding Minister, an incapacity which does not augur well for the future passage of a Bill already overcrowded with amendments. Of course, if the *entente* between Mr. Fowler and his party could be maintained, all would be well; but just now the relations between the President of the Local Government Board and country and Radical members are not entirely trustworthy. The difficulty may, however, disappear when the hard realities of the fight and the necessity of getting the Bill through in reasonable time plainly appear. But interior crisis in the Liberal ranks does at times threaten to be somewhat severe.

LORD HERSCHELL AND THE MAGISTRATES.

Another trouble has been the difficulty of getting Lord Herschell move in the matter of democratising the rural bench. Lord Herschell is a very clever, shrewd lawyer, who is, however, suspected of the crimes of Whiggery and a love of polite society. Unquestionably he is not working the machinery for renovating the rural bench in the manner that the bulk of the party desires. He has peppered a few working men and Liberals over the mass of Tory and aristocratic magistrates, but that is all. Some of the most urgent cases he has neglected altogether, and he has all along been suspected of leaning much further towards the opinion of lord-lieutenants than the resolution of the House of Commons entitles him to do. So the Liberals and Radicals gathered in great force in the Moses Chamber, and gave him a piece of their minds. They were answered with extreme truculence by the gentleman whom they had come to admonish, the result being that they came back in no pleasant temper, and next day held a meeting in which Lord Herschell was roundly censured. There is no doubt that the Lord Chancellor has been out of touch, not simply with the bulk of the party, but with some of his own colleagues, who think he has gone far too leisurely to work, and has taken a very minimalist view of the obligations the House laid upon him. All these things are evidence of strain—strain resulting from the fact that the party is more advanced than its leaders. We shall see how things will develop. But at present the Ministry wants tightening up to the pitch of its young and more enterprising members.